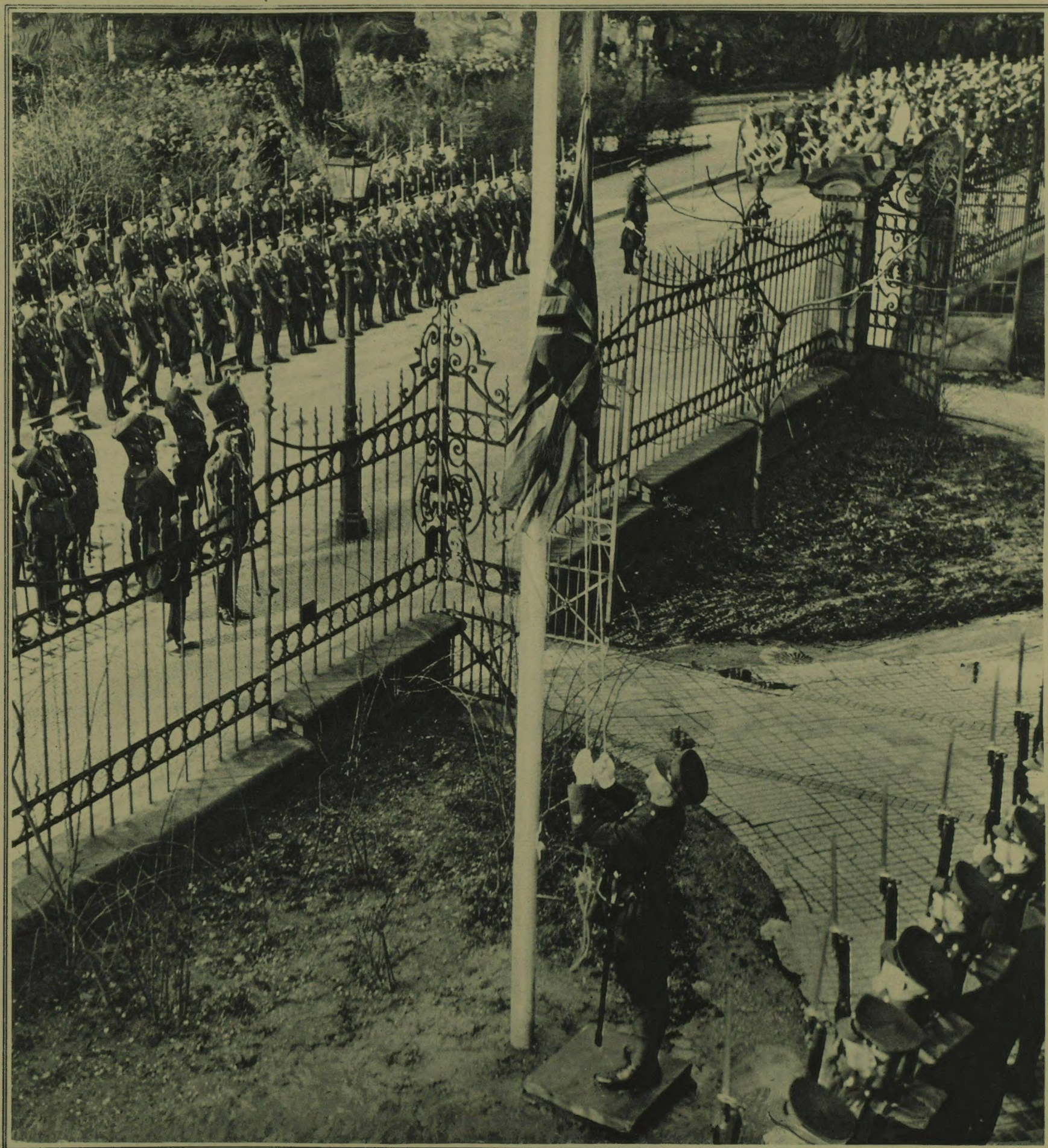


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1929.

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BRITAIN'S ELEVEN-YEAR "WATCH ON THE RHINE" ENDED: HAULING DOWN THE UNION JACK AT WIESBADEN.

The British occupation of the Rhineland ended on December 12, when the Union Jack was hauled down at the British General Headquarters (the Hotel Hohenzollern) in Wiesbaden. The final ceremony, outside the building, was carried out by a detachment of the 2nd Battalion, Royal Fusiliers. The German population gave the British troops a very friendly send-off. Our photograph shows Sergeant-Major Saunders lowering the flag, while the band (right background)

played "God Save the King." Facing the flag is the Commander-in-Chief, Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Thwaites, with his staff. In a farewell speech (in German) to the town authorities, Sir William said: "Our life here has helped us to understand the German people better. You, on your part, have learned to understand the sterling qualities of the British soldier. It is with the expression of my sincerest wish for peace and goodwill for all time that I say to you—farewell."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I LEARN on the most advanced authority—that of an excellent American weekly paper—that the Economic Theory of History will not be worn this season, but that an entirely new model, called the Psychological Theory of History, will be regarded by all the best people as the only wear. When I think of the weeks of work I have expended, on this page and elsewhere, in refuting the Economic Theory of History, it strikes me that it may be a waste of time to worry about such things, and that I might well have waited until the Psychological Theory of History came along, and then waited again until the Botanical Theory of History, or whatever may be the next, comes along in its turn. These little systems have their day, they have their day and cease to be; but they sometimes manage to perform funny little antics before they die. Thus, the Economic Theory of History founded the Bolshevik State in Russia before it was found out. The Psychological Theory of History may have locked us all up as lunatics before that is found out in its turn. What the Botanical Theory of History will do to us I shudder to contemplate.

But Psychology, with all its horrors, is already upon us. It has already driven poor old Political Economy, the nightmare of the nineteenth century, entirely out of the field. The Bolsheviks, being mere economists, are entirely behind the times. Fresh and more paralysing forms of tyranny, new and more nerve-racking forms of torture, will be possible when we are governed entirely by alienists and psychiatrists. The poor Bolshevik, like any other bully, could only subdue the body, but not the mind. He could manufacture subjects, but not subconscious subjects. It may yet be discovered that mesmerism is mightier than militarism, as the pen is mightier than the sword, or the "pass" is mightier than the pen. It is always amusing to watch the rise of a new superstition, though such superstitions seldom last long. The wild and credulous worship of Psychology seems to be especially common in America. As we have seen a new republic of Russia founded entirely upon Marx, perhaps we may eventually see a new republic of America founded entirely upon Freud.

Republics founded upon books have not been very lasting. It is true of the two great books that came out of Geneva—the Bible of Pessimism and the Bible of Optimism; the book of Calvin and the book of Rousseau. But Rousseau at least had got hold of some permanent principles applicable to all republics; and he would never have dreamed of staking everything on one particular science at one particular stage, whether it was economics or psychology. Nevertheless, it is worth while to look round us at the amazing output of psychological or pseudo-psychological literature now poured upon us from everywhere, but especially from the United States. And these reflections have been stirred within me by turning over the leaves of an American magazine called *Psychology*, to which title is added the much more enlightening sub-title: "Health; Happiness; Success." The accent, I think, is on the last word; and the nature of the success is illustrated by other titles, such as "You Too Can Make Money," or "Team Play in Business." In equally large letters, at the back of the magazine, is the word "Faith!" which is explained as meaning that, if we only have implicit, unquestioning faith in the gentleman who lives in Boston, and advertises on that page, we shall "automatically do astonishing things without effort." But he sternly adds that this requires Faith; and I quite agree.

Feeling that it is unfair to judge the new movement by these flamboyant covers, I seek out the most solid and sensible looking article I can find in the magazine. It is a medical article called "The Gospel of Health," and begins with a very sensible repudiation of what is called Christian Science. Encouraged by this, I read on and note that the writer has realised the new theory of matter which has made such nonsense of materialism. Still, there is something a little quaint and solemn about the way in which the new view has to be set forth. "We find the facts to be that the body is a very real entity." So far many unscientific people who have fed it, clothed it, kicked it, fallen over it, flung it downstairs or thrown it out of the window,

psychology, which is now specially to be expounded as the truth, that we may be tempted simply to say that it is false.

Let us begin with a small point; though, like many small points, it is printed in very large letters. Printed in capitals across the next page are the words, "Watch Your Breathing." Now, as a mere matter of detail, I know myself that, when I watch my breathing, I cannot breathe. At least I am acutely conscious of breathing all wrong, and much worse than when I do not watch it at all. That is on the border-line between physiology and psychology; but the point is of some importance. There has always been a subconsciousness, and men have always been at least subconsciously aware of it. Otherwise they would never have said that a man did this or that absent-mindedly or automatically or without thinking. But, in a general way, it seems to me a very tenable psychological theory that the best thing to do with the unconscious mind is to be unconscious of it. It is at least a point for the new psychologists to prove that becoming conscious of the unconscious mind, which is certainly not a natural process, is nevertheless a healthy process. As it is, they really tell us to worry about something which never worried anybody before, at the very moment when they also tell us not to worry about anything.

For on this last point the psychological adviser is equally definite and, I think, equally defective. His exact words have that heavy absence of humour which marks all this school of thought. "Worry and fear have been proved in successive laboratory tests to retard the vital functions, interfere with digestion, assimilation, and elimination." We might suggest that a man actually in fear of a Bengal tiger or worrying about a bankruptcy has seldom thought it necessary to wait for a laboratory test to tell him that these feelings are bad for him. The only elimination that presents any difficulty is the elimination of the tiger or the bankruptcy. Then he adds: "Anger and hate have been shown to change the actual chemistry of the blood-stream, creating poisons destructive of life." I will respectfully venture to doubt whether they have been shown to do anything of the sort. But, however this may be, what sort of morality is this, as a practical morality for mankind? What is the good of psychology in ethics, if it can only give advice like that? A man tears a child to pieces with red-hot pincers; but I must not be angry, or I shall change the chemistry of my blood-stream. My country is crushed with some abominable tyranny or slavery; but I must not hate it, or I shall create poisons destructive to life. Men defying such wrongs have gone out and destroyed their own lives with a blow; they have created for themselves racks and gallows and guns and sabre-strokes eminently destructive to life. What is wrong with this teacher is not psychology but morality; in that he assumes that anger is always evil, or that hate is always hateful, merely because the body must be preserved at all costs. And that is what is wrong with all the rapidly passing pedantries and heresies: that behind the half-truth of science there is always a falsehood in philosophy. The Bolshevik accepted the materialist theory of history because it was materialist; but he accepted materialism because he had a certain taste in morality. The psychologist or physiologist may be all right or all wrong in his laboratory experiments about digestion and the chemistry of the blood-stream. But he is all wrong in his conception of human life and death and dignity, because he starts out with a mawkish and unmanly morality to the effect that God has no enemies and that it is never noble to hate.



THE NATIVE DISTURBANCES IN NATAL: A TYPICAL SQUAD OF PRISONERS MARCHING ALONG RIDGE ROAD, DURBAN, UNDER GUARD, AFTER A POLICE RAID ON NOVEMBER 17 IN THE SYDENHAM AREA.



AFTER A POLICE RAID ON A CENTRE OF NATIVE UNREST IN DURBAN: A FEW OF THE MANY HUNDREDS OF STICKS, KNOBKERRIES, AND OTHER WEAPONS CONFISCATED AT THE CONGELLA COMPOUNDS.

In order to check the unrest among natives at Durban, 400 police were sent from Pretoria, and on November 14 they drew a cordon round the Point district of Durban, where thousands of native dock labourers are housed in barracks. This area had been a centre of strikes and riots for some weeks. The police arrested over 600 natives. The South African Government was stated to possess evidence of complicity between the Third International in Moscow and Communist agitators in South Africa, for the instigation of native riots in Natal and the Rand on Dingaan's Day. The Minister of Justice, Mr. Pirow, who visited Durban to inquire into the state of affairs, described this intrigue as the root of the trouble, and promised an early amendment of the Riotous Assemblies Act to eliminate it. The police in Durban continued to raid suspected centres of lawlessness, and on November 17 arrested 700 more natives.

have come to the same general conclusion. However, the description of the very real entity continues: "A cohesion of untold billions of whirling electrons which create a phenomenon which is popularly called matter." One might imagine that the men who stuck a dagger into Julius Caesar, or put a bullet into Abraham Lincoln, were not sure that the body was real, but now we know it is untold billions of whirling electrons it becomes quite real to us after all. But though this way of putting the truth of physiology may seem a little odd, we need not dispute that the physiology is true. It is when we arrive at the

THE BLIND DELIUS AT HIS FESTIVAL: DRAWN BY AUGUSTUS JOHN.

FROM THE DRAWING BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A., MADE FROM LIFE AT THE DELIUS FESTIVAL. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



THE FAMOUS BLIND COMPOSER, LISTENING TO HIS OWN MUSIC, AS SEEN BY A FAMOUS ARTIST: AUGUSTUS JOHN'S PORTRAIT STUDY OF FREDERICK DELIUS, DRAWN FROM LIFE AT THE DELIUS FESTIVAL.

This wonderful portrait study of Frederick Delius, the famous blind composer, is of unique interest as having been drawn from life, by an equally celebrated artist, during the recent Delius Festival at the Queen's Hall, where the stricken musician, from whom all the externals of that great tribute to his genius were hidden, sat—a pathetic figure—listening with an expression of pensive melancholy to his own music. Mr. Augustus John, it is said, was a regular attendant during the six concerts, and he thus had opportunities for studying the features which

his pencil has so finely and subtly delineated. We may recall that a critical appreciation of the Delius Festival, with notes on the composer's career, was given in our issue of October 26 by our musical critic, Mr. W. J. Turner. "Delius's reputation," he wrote, "has grown slowly but surely, and he is to-day accepted by all musicians and critics as one of the most eminent among living English composers. . . . A certain wistfulness, and an atmosphere of peaceful resignation and nostalgia, pervade all his works."

THE ITALIAN ART EXHIBITION. No. II.—GEMS OF THE FLORENTINE SCHOOL.



"EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF POPE SYLVESTER," BY PEsELLINO (FRANCESCO DI STEFANO, C. 1422-1457): FROM THE DORIA GALLERY, ROME.



A PREDELLA BY DOMENICO VENEZIANA (DIED. 1461): FROM THE COLLECTION OF CONTE CONTINI, ROME.



"THE SCOURGING OF CHRIST," BY LUCA SIGNORELLI (C. 1441-1523): FROM THE BRERA GALLERY, MILAN.



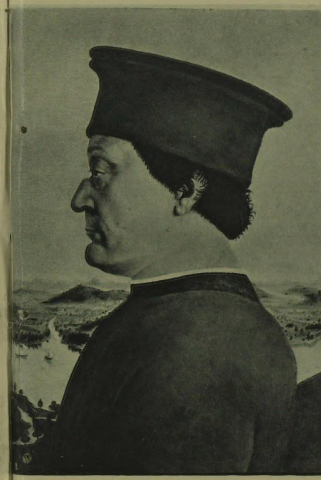
"THE ANNUNCIATION," BY FRA FILIPPO LIPPI (C. 1400-1469): FROM THE PALAZZO VENEZIA, ROME.



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY," BY ANTONIO POLLAIUOLO (1429-1495): FROM THE MUSEO POLDI PEZZOLI, MILAN.



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD," BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI (1447-1510): FROM THE MUSEO POLDI PEZZOLI, MILAN.



FEDERICO DI MONTEFELTRO," BY PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA (C. 1416-1492): FROM THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.



"LA PROFANAZIONE DELL'OSTIA," OR "THE JEW AND THE HOST" (PART 1), BY PAOLO UCCELLO (PAOLO DI DONO, 1397-1475): FROM THE PALAZZO DUCALE, URBINO.



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ST. JOHN," BY LORENZO DA CREDI (1459-1537): FROM THE BORGHESI GALLERY, ROME.



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD," BY PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA: FROM THE VILLAMARINA COLLECTION, ROME.

In our last issue we gave a first instalment of reproductions from pictures by celebrated Italian painters, sent to London from Italy in the liner "Leonardo da Vinci," for inclusion in the great Exhibition of Italian Art to be held at Burlington House from January 1 to March 8. As we then noted, the authorities of many famous art galleries in Italy, as well as private owners of pictures, responded with splendid generosity to Signor Mussolini's personal appeal to lend some of their most cherished art treasures for the enrichment of the London exhibition, and their action is highly appreciated in this country. This exhibition, by bringing together so many masterpieces from widely scattered places, in Italy and elsewhere, will afford a unique opportunity—unprecedented and impossible of repetition—for the comparative study of the Italian masters. Months of travel would be required, in ordinary circumstances, to examine the works now assembled

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

Burlington House; moreover, many of them come from private houses that would be difficult of access. The precious cargo in the "Leonardo da Vinci," it may be recalled, valued at several million pounds (the amount of insurance was £14,000,000), comprised no fewer than 300 pictures, of which 230 were antique and 70 modern, besides other works of art, including some sculpture, bronzes, and tapestry. After the news that the ship had met gales during the voyage, it was a relief to learn that she safely arrived at Gravesend on December 11. The next day a ceremony of welcome took place at West India Dock, attended by Lady Chamberlain, Chairman of the Exhibition Committee; Sir Austen Chamberlain; and Lord Ritchie, Chairman of the Port of London Authority. Sir Austen Chamberlain said that no such wonderful contribution had ever been made by a single country to a foreign exhibition.

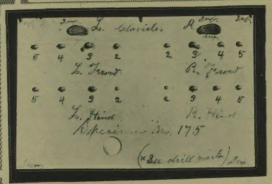
PERSON, ROME.

HOW ANIMALS RUN: CONTRASTED ATTITUDES AND BONE FUNCTIONS OF HORSES AND DOGS IN RAPID MOTION.

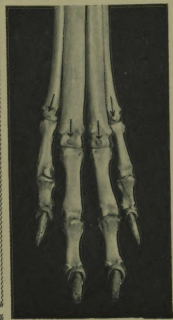
PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY S. HARMSTED CHUBB, ASSOCIATE CURATOR OF COMPARATIVE ANATOMY, AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK. BY COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM.

THE accompanying photographs (given by way of sequel to those in our issue of Dec. 7 illustrating the gallop of a giraffe) accompanied an article in "Natural History" (the journal of the American Museum of Natural History), by Mr. S. Harmsted Chubb. "At the American Museum," he writes, "is a collection of specimens mounted to show the action characteristic of different breeds or types of animals. The latest addition is the skeleton of a Russian wolfhound, represented running as if his life, or the safety of his master's flock, depended on the immediate capture of a marauding wolf. There are few animals of its size which can acquire greater speed than the wolfhound. Even the race-horse only slightly exceeds the speed of this fast-running dog. The moment in the stride selected for mounting the wolfhound skeleton is approximately the same as that chosen for the race-horse, Sysonby (No. 11), which is in an adjoining case. Most mammals have three natural gaits, the walk, the trot, and the run. The dog, a much smaller animal, yet almost equalling the speed of the horse when running, must necessarily acquire a much more extreme action than does the latter, but the differences are mostly matters of degree. When the limbs

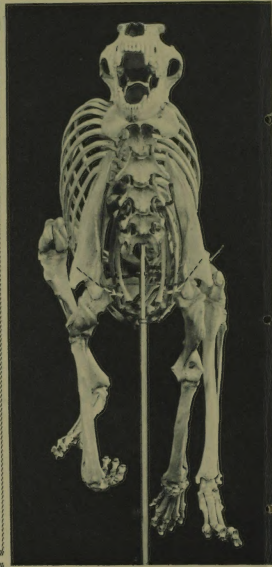
(Continued in Box 2.)



1. SMALL BONES IMPORTANT IN THE MECHANICS OF RUNNING: RUDIMENTARY SESAMOIDS AND (ABOVE) VESTIGIAL CLAVICLES OF THE WOLF-HOUND, FIXED ON A CARD WHILE THE SKELETON (SEEN IN NOS. 3 AND 6) WAS MOUNTED.



2. SHOWING (BY ARROWS) THE POSITION OF THE SESAMOIDS—RUDIMENTARY BONES WITHIN TENDONS—THE BONES OF THE WOLF-HOUND'S FOOT.



3. WITH ARROWS INDICATING THE VESTIGIAL CLAVICLES—SMALL BONES GRADUALLY DISAPPEARING AS NO LONGER USEFUL: A FRONT VIEW OF THE WOLF-HOUND SKELETON (SEE NO. 6).



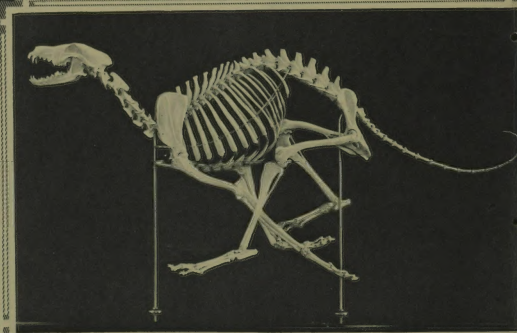
4. SHOWING THE HIND-LEGS PASSING OUTSIDE THE FORE-LEGS—A LAW COMMON TO ALL MAMMALS IN RUNNING: MR. LOUIS J. MUIR'S RUSSIAN WOLF-HOUND, "CEREBRO OF ROMANOFF," IN THE FLEXED PHASE OF THE STRIDE.



5. A VERY FAST-RUNNING BREED, FOR THEIR SIZE: A TYPICAL RUSSIAN WOLF-HOUND.

are drawn together the spine of the horse is slightly arched (No. 11). Compare this with the very strongly curved back of the dog (No. 6). And, while the hind toe of the horse comes in line with the pastern of the front foot, the limbs of the dog cross almost at the knee of the hind leg and the elbow of the front. The horse under full speed is entirely free from contact with the ground approximately one-fourth of the time, that being the moment when the limbs are drawn together, while the dog is suspended in air about one-half of the time, being free from the ground twice during each complete stride, once when the limbs are drawn together under the body and again during the extended position. There is but one technical difference between the running action of the horse and that of the dog, that of the succession of footfalls. Let us compare the action represented by these two skeletons (Nos. 6 and 11). In each case, the next foot to strike

(Continued in Box 2.)



6. A CONTRAST TO THE ACTION OF THE HORSE (NO. 11) AT THE SAME PHASE OF THE STRIDE: A RUSSIAN WOLF-HOUND SKELETON MOUNTED IN RUNNING ATTITUDE, SHOWING THE STRONGLY CURVED BACK, OPEN MOUTH, AND MORE EXTREME FLEXURE OF THE LEGS.

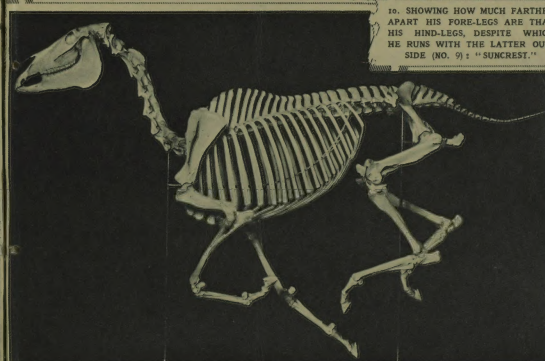
of the way that exacting old 'Dame Nature' demands observance of certain rules which might seem to us quite arbitrary. From an anatomical point of view the wolfhound skeleton shows several interesting features. In many animals the clavicle or collar-bone is an important and highly functional organ, particularly in man, where it is well developed, while in most of the large mammals it is entirely extinct, there being no bone connection between the body and the forelegs. In the dog, as with most of the carnivorous animals, the clavicle seems to be in a transitional stage, being very small and quite without function. We have reason to expect that this small vestige, handed down from the remote past, will, in ages to come, be entirely eliminated from the dog's anatomy. While these clavicles are in the last stages of a slow decline, there is another set of bones shown in the wolfhound skeleton which must be placed in a very different category, as they are now in their early infancy. These bones, owing to the nature of their development, must be classed as sesamoids. Dogs and their wild relatives have from sixty-two to seventy-eight located on the feet and legs. The largest and most highly developed sesamoid is the patella, or knee-cap, present in nearly all mammals. But the



7. AT THE MOMENT OF MAXIMUM FLEXURE, WITH ALL FOUR FEET OFF THE GROUND, AND HIND-LEGS OUTSIDE FORE-LEGS: A RACING GREYHOUND AT FULL SPEED (34.6 M.P.H.)



9. OBEYING THE LAWS OF ANIMAL MOTION BY BRINGING HIS HIND-LEGS FORWARD OUTSIDE THE FORE-LEGS, DESPITE THE LATTER PAIR BEING MUCH FARTHER APART: MR. PERCY MAUDE'S ENGLISH BULLDOG, "SUNCREST."



8. A CONTRAST TO THE ACTION OF THE DOG (NO. 6) AT ABOUT THE SAME PHASE OF THE STRIDE: THE MOUNTED SKELETON OF THE RACE-HORSE, "SYSONBY," WITH SPINE ONLY SLIGHTLY ARCHED, MOUTH SHUT, AND LESS FLEXURE OF THE LEGS.

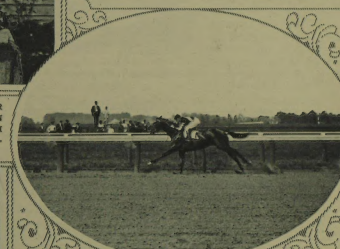
smaller sesamoids vary considerably in number in different species. These bones always occur near a joint where much violent action is required, and are formed in a tendon which has strenuous work to perform, thus reducing friction and increasing power. The particular sesamoid bones here to be considered are of special interest because they are not generally known, although some were figured by De Blainville as long ago as 1839. They are, no doubt, of comparatively recent origin. They are to be found at the ends of the metacarpal and metatarsal bones of the feet on the dorsal surface. Being very small, ranging from 1 to 3 mm. in diameter, it is not surprising that they have been so generally overlooked in the dissection and study of these animals. In the preparation of the present wolfhound specimen this set of sixteen bones was very carefully worked out of the surrounding tendons, then pasted on a card, together with the previous clavicles, where they were labelled and numbered for safe keeping. As we look at the mounted skeleton of the wolfhound (Nos. 3 and 6), we are to assume that the tongue is hanging far out of the open mouth, as is usually the case with a running dog. How different is the horse (No. 11), who runs with closed mouth, breathing through widely-dilated nostrils."

will be the left hind foot and then the right hind, but the horse will follow the right hind foot with the left front, and then the right front foot. Hence it may be called the diagonal run. The dog, on the other hand, prefers the rotary run, striking the right front foot after the right hind, and so on, so that at the moment when the limbs are drawn together under the body the two which come most nearly in contact with each other are those of the same side, while with the horse they are of opposite sides. The succession of footfalls may be reversed. The animal may fall into this succession on any foot, as he breaks from a slower gait or starts off with a sudden spring. While the members of the Equidae family, also the cow, buffalo, goat, bear, and others, employ the diagonal run, some of the ruminants, or cud-chewing animals, such as the deer, elk, and antelope, adhere to the rotary system of the dog. To explain more clearly the running action of the horse, two interesting photographs of the great race-horse, Man-o-War, are shown, one in the extended position (No. 12), with two feet on the ground, and the other in the flexed phase of the stride with all four feet high in the air (No. 13). One of the laws of progressive movement which all running mammals seem obliged to obey is the manner in which front and hind feet pass each other during the moment of maximum flexure. As the hind feet reach forward for another spring, they always pass outside of the front feet. There is one very striking example of the universal application of this law. The English Bulldog's measurement through the shoulders is two or three times that of the hips, and, as he stands, the distance between his front feet bears a similar proportion to that of the hind, so that we might suppose it to be quite impossible for him to reverse the measurement between front and hind feet in any position that he assumes. Yet, when he can be induced to run with sufficient speed to bring his hind feet in any proximity to his front feet, he follows the well established and time-honoured traditions of his ancestors, passing his hind feet outside of his front—a most interesting example

(Continued in Box 2.)



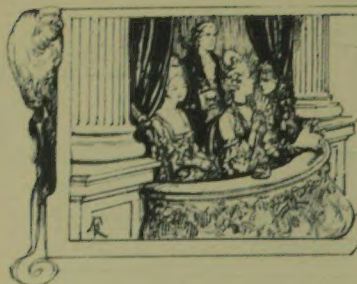
10. SHOWING HOW MUCH FARTHER APART HIS FORE-LEGS ARE THAN HIS HIND-LEGS, DESPITE WHICH HE RUNS WITH THE LATTER OUTSIDE (NO. 9): "SUNCREST."



12. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE GREYHOUND IN EXTENDED POSITION: (6) THE RACE-HORSE "MAN O' WAR" AT A SIMILAR PHASE OF THE STRIDE, BUT WITH DIFFERENT SEQUENCE OF FOOTFALLS.



13. A FAMOUS HORSE IN THE FLEXED POSITION OF HIS STRIDE WITH ALL FOUR FEET IN THE AIR—FOR COMPARISON WITH THE DOG (NO. 7): "MAN O' WAR" DURING HIS LAST RACE.



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



"ATLANTIC," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

ASSOCIATED British Cinemas, Ltd., and their allies, British International Pictures, are to be congratulated on having rented the Alhambra for the exploitation of their own films. This policy has been successfully pursued by more than one American company in London—most notably Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, at the Empire. And now a natural regret at what may perhaps be termed the secession of yet another time-honoured variety theatre to the "talkies" is tempered with rejoicing at the prospect of expert and continuous showmanship for British pictures. Here—at long last—are the time and the place. It is up to our native producing companies to provide the "loved one" in increasing numbers and beatified form.

And here let it be said at once that "Atlantic"—with which the Alhambra season opens on Dec. 23—ranks high amongst the few films I have seen from a British studio that have this quality of fine craftsmanship in a really outstanding degree, and that, in its making, British International Pictures had not only the artistic humility to ask for advice, but the practical courage to take it. They called in a German director (E.A. Dupont) and an American-trained camera-man (Charles Rosher) to work with an English company on a play by an English author. The result is a film of such emotional power and pictorial value that it cannot fail to establish a new standard of British production.

Ernest Raymond's original play, "The Berg," is, of course, the type of stage drama that lends itself to adaptation for the talking screen in such a way as to produce almost perfect cinematographic material. In the play we saw a group of people on a sinking liner; the clash of temperament, the revelation of character, the reactions of individuals created the psychological tension and interest. The ship, although it was the scene of action, did not live and move before us; it was, as it were, merely a stage property, demanded and brought into being by the exigencies of the plot; an instrument of destruction, summoned from the depths of the author's imagination, to bring about the pre-ordained end of his story. In transference to the screen these dramatic values are reversed, and boundaries thrust aside. The instrument has become an entity, visible to sight, audible to the ears, a background immense and sentient that swamps the human pigmies who stand, so small and helpless, against its juggernaut size and power. It has become the whole of the universe to the people in it. Very little attempt is made to produce the impression of being at sea; not once does Mr. Dupont indulge in a shot of moonlit waters or creaming waves. All we ever see is one short picture of the side of the ship, with a breaking froth of water far below; and even here it is the towering side that fills the screen. But we do see the look-out man in the crow's-nest, the engines, the electric controls, the watertight doors—all the vast skeleton of machinery that has for nerves and muscle and brain the disciplined men and officers, the impassive captain on the bridge. And when the ghostly iceberg strikes from the starlit calm it is as if the ship herself had broken faith with the people in her; they are not

only terrified, but disillusioned, as if they had been betrayed by a human friend.

That the film has faults cannot be denied. The recording is not always up to standard; the pace of speech and action often drags considerably; the megaphoned injunction: "Be British!" strikes a forced note, and the order: "Women and children first!" with its subsequent: "Every man for himself!" might well have been left to implication, as they are, in fact, in the British Merchant Service.



A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL AS A "TALKIE": CINEMATOGRAPHERS ON THE STAGE AT DRURY LANE
FILMING THE REHEARSAL OF A SCENE IN "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

The return of pantomime to Drury Lane this season, after an interval of several years, will be welcome to young playgoers. Our photograph shows a rehearsal being "shot" as a talking film for the Pathé Sound Pictorial.

But, apart from these small points, the production as a whole is masterly, forceful, reticent, quiet, and, at times, humorously and pathetically human. At the end, Mr. Dupont's genius spares us the embarrassment of horror that must have followed the picturisation of drowning hundreds; the screen becomes a black-out, through which sounds a momentary

turmoil of noise, faint screaming, and the rush of water—then silence, and sunrise over an empty sea.

The acting is, generally, worthy of the theme; it is perhaps due to the subject and its treatment that the highest honours go to the men—Mr. Franklin Dyall, Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith, and Mr. Arthur Hardy. From first to last, Charles Rosher's impressionistic photography is masterly. Never again can it be said that first-class lighting cannot be attained in a British studio, and it is pleasant to remember that the bi-lingual form in which the film has been produced, has made it possible for such perfect camera-work to be seen and appreciated in Germany as "made in England."

JANET GAYNOR IN "SUNNY SIDE UP."

"Sunny Side Up," which follows Al Jolson's study in sentimentality at the New Gallery, triumphs above the weakness of its story—I will go even further and say, keeps the audience actually interested in a weak story—because much of it is genuinely human in its appeal, because a part of it contains some of the best use of sound and talking that has come to us from Hollywood, and because of Janet Gaynor.

For some unknown reason, "Sunny Side Up" has been described by its sponsors as the first musical comedy of the screen. They do their picture an injustice, for this is not mere musical comedy, but a comedy into which music has been deftly woven, and in which extraordinary care has been taken to justify the introduction of song.

The story finds an admirable take-off in the holiday-spirit of New York's East Side on Independence Day. Mr. David Butler has shown imagination and a kindly sense of humour in his glimpses of humanity "taken unawares" by the travelling camera as it sweeps the length and breadth of the humble lodging-houses. The kiddies in the street are all out for a jollification, and the swelling orchestra of their shrill, childish voices forms the accompaniment to the quartet which presently gathers in the heroine's modest rooms—two working-girls, two working-men, making merry on home-brewed beer and, probably, highly indigestible groceries. Just by way of contrast and in order to introduce us to his hero, Mr. Butler carries us off to Long Island, where the exclusive Four Hundred rejoice politely in their palatial homes, and the hero's flirtatious fiancée annoys her young man to such an extent that he goes careering off eastwards in a huff. All this is excellent. Better still is the open-air concert, down East again, organised by the local undertaker. Mean Street has talent in plenty, and an audience of youngsters and grown-ups whose enthusiasm knows no bounds, as they join in song, and even in dance—very convenient for dancing, a roadway auditorium—with a splendid heartiness. Nimble feet tapping the wooden platform, a young voice exhorting folks to keep their sunny side up, laughter, comic turns—a Red-Letter Day in the annals of the city's toilers: Mr. Butler has caught the very essence of the people's plucky gaiety. He makes no obvious effort to sound the depths beneath the fun, no conscious bid for sentiment. Yet he has brought a bit of real life to the screen, endowed it with the vitalising effects of

(Continued on page 1122.)



A FAMOUS TRAGÉDIENNE IN HOLIDAY MOOD: MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE, AS A PAWNBROKER'S WIFE, RESTORES TO NAPOLEON (MR. LEWIS CASSON) THE WATCH HE HAD PAWNED IN YOUTH—A SCENE FROM "MADAME PLAYS NAP," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

Miss Sybil Thorndike arranged to open the New Theatre, on December 17, with a new romantic comedy called "Madame Plays Nap," by Brenda Girvin and Monica Cosens. Although based on an authentic incident in Napoleon's career, it is not a serious historical drama, but a gay trifle in which the famous actress, in holiday mood, finds relief from a long succession of tragic characters. Miss Thorndike has lately been playing in Hull during a preliminary provincial run of the play.

VERY UNLIKE THE MODERN CAMEL! THE PREHISTORIC *STENOMYLUS*

FROM THE GROUPS IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK. ARTICLE BY MR. BARNUM BROWN, CURATOR OF FOSSIL REPTILES AT THAT MUSEUM.

SINGLE skeletons of prehistoric animals are not uncommon, but to come across a herd, dozens of which are complete, entombed at one place is a rare occurrence. Such was the find near Agate Spring, in Western Nebraska, where nearly a hundred skeletons of the little camel, *Stenomylus hitchcocki* were found close together. This remarkable deposit was discovered by Dr. F. B. Loomis, of Amherst College, in 1907. In 1908 he excavated twenty-one skeletons there for Amherst College, and several other institutions shared in the find. Yale University secured three skeletons; and the Carnegie Museum, in 1908 and 1909, about thirty skeletons. In 1908 Mr. Albert Thomson collected nine skeletons from the same deposit, for the American Museum of Natural History. It is this group of nine skeletons that has recently been mounted and displayed with models—five in characteristic, life-like camel attitudes; four lying in the original matrix as found. Judging from the number of skeletons buried in this quarry, and their rarity elsewhere, we suppose that *Stenomylus* was in habits similar to the guanaco of South America. The guanacos feed over the pampas singly and in small groups during the summer, but, as winter approaches, they band together in great herds of thousands. During severe winter weather in Patagonia, the writer has seen a herd of five thousand bedded close together like sheep. When they arose from the bed-ground in the morning, a hundred bodies remained dead of starvation and winter kill. Our mounted group recalls such a morning scene; a section of the bed-ground from which most of the living have departed. A few stragglers remain, the largest presumably a male. A mother stands close to her young, which lies, like all camels, with legs folded, the front feet palms up—the hind feet with palms down. Another is rising, in which movement the hind feet are first straightened, the forward part of the body resting on the elbows; with a spring the animal comes up on all fours. The camel family

(Continued opposite.)



MIOCENE CAMELS OF NORTH AMERICA, WHERE THE CAMEL ORIGINATED, BUT WHERE IT IS EXTINCT: SKELETONS OF THE LITTLE *STENOMYLUS HITCHCOCKI* (FOUND NEAR AGATE SPRING, WESTERN NEBRASKA)—FIVE SHOWN IN CHARACTERISTIC CAMEL ATTITUDES; FOUR IN THE MATRIX, AS DISCOVERED.

originated in North America, and flourished there until near the close of the Pleistocene period, when they, like the horses, died out before the coming of the white man. The family is now represented by the genus *Camelus*, of which there are two species; in North Africa and Arabia, the Arabian camel with one hump, and in Central Asia the Bactrian, with two humps. A closely related genus is the *Auchenia* of South America, of which there are two wild species, the guanaco and the smaller vicuna. The llama and alpaca, beasts of burden, are regarded as domesticated varieties of the two wild species. Next to the horses, the camels furnish the most striking and best-known series illustrating the evolution of a race of mammals. They passed through nearly the whole of their development in North America, where they originated, and did not migrate to other continents until the late Miocene or Early Pliocene. Camels appear first in the Eocene as very small animals with four complete toes on each foot; the neck and limbs of only moderate length. Probably, like other races, they were descended from a five-toed animal, but this initial ancestor has not yet been discovered. *Protylopus*, one of the first genera known, is probably not in direct line of descent, but it nearly represents the proper ancestral stage. It was an animal scarcely larger than a jack-rabbit. In each succeeding epoch

we find the race increasing in size and gradually losing its side toes, which become slender; then the tips of the toes disappear, leaving only splint-bones; then the splint-bones are reduced to small nodules, and, finally, disappear completely. The two central toes are at first entirely separate, but their upper bones become consolidated into a "cannon-bone." The toes at first had small, sharp hoofs like those of deer or antelopes, but gradually a large, soft, elastic fibrous pad was formed, which enables the animal to walk on soft, shifting desert sands, or equally well on the sharp, irregular surfaces of lava fields. During the Miocene, the period in which our little *Stenomylus* lived, the family became diverse in size, and is represented by several genera and many species. *Stenomylus* lived

(Continued below.)



THE MIOCENE CAMELS "CLOTHED": THE PREHISTORIC *STENOMYLUS HITCHCOCKI* RECONSTRUCTED TO SHOW IT AS IT LIVED IN NORTH AMERICA, WHERE A "HERD" OF NEARLY A HUNDRED SKELETONS WERE FOUND CLOSE TOGETHER—A MODEL FOR THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

(Continued.)

during Lower Miocene times, and its race apparently had a brief career—disappearing in the Lower Miocene. It was an upland feeder, unique among camels in having the first premolars and canines developed like incisors, a modification that doubtless related to its feeding habits. *Oxydactylus*, a contemporary of *Stenomylus*, was a more hardy type, and precursor of the "giraffe-camels." Camels reached their maximum size and abundance in the Pliocene Epoch. In the Lower Pliocene the two modern phyla had separated, and there was a third, now extinct—a very

long-legged, long-necked group, the "giraffe-camels," whose appearance and habits were much like the giraffe. At this time camels were the most numerous of all the large animals of the plains, and some were of gigantic size, one species discovered in Arizona in 1928 being a third larger than the largest living camel. They ranged all over North America, and the uniting of this continent with South America and Asia enabled them to spread over the greater part of the Old World and most of South America.—BARNUM BROWN.

THE "BARGAIN BASEMENT" OF THE "STONES": THE MOST



THE FRIDAY-AND TUESDAY-MECCA OF THE SHAPPER-UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES: THE CALEDONIAN MARKET ON ONE OF ITS PEDLARS' DAYS, WHEN WEST-ENDERS AND EAST-ENDERS MEET IN SEARCH OF BARGAINS ARTISTIC, RARE, AND UTILITARIAN, HOPING THAT THE PROFESSIONAL DEALERS HAVE NOT ANTICIPATED THEM!



"OLD CLO": A "SECOND-HAND WARDROBE" STALL IN THE CALEDONIAN MARKET ON A RAG FAIR DAY.



SETTLING-UP: A PURCHASE COMPLETED IN THE "IRONMONGERY DEPARTMENT" OF THE FAMOUS MARKET.

When last we illustrated that famous London institution, the Caledonian Market—by means of a painting made for us by Cyrus Cuneo seventeen years ago—we said: "Whitaker" will tell you prosaically that a cattle-market is held in the Caledonian Road on Mondays and Thursdays, and that there is a horse-market at the same place on Fridays. That sounds uninteresting enough, save for the bucolic; but, in point of fact, there is romance behind the bald statement. On the Friday of each week the Caledonian Market becomes the Mecca of the bargain-lover, and all sorts and conditions visit it, from the buyer of rusty bolts and chipped china to those who forage about in the hope that they will come across some hidden treasure, an Old Master, a rare plate, or what not. It used to be said that those who journeyed from the West End must dress in old clothes if a "find" were to be made; but there is no necessity for

FAMOUS OF PEDLARS' MARKETS—THE CALEDONIAN.



THE TREASURE-SEEKERS: A "TO BUY OR NOT TO BUY?" STUDY—IS IT REALLY A BARGAIN OR IS IT NOT?



WHERE THE CONNOISSEURS GATHER TOGETHER: A DISPLAY OF SILVER-WARE "ON THE STONES" IN THE CALEDONIAN MARKET.

masquerading nowadays, and it is not unusual to see pilgrims from Mayfair leave their motors outside the gate, go curio-hunting in the market, and come out with some bulky 'bargain,' wrapped up in dirty newspaper!" Really, there is nothing to add to that. The Caledonian Market retains its wide and curious appeal. It may be remarked, however, that "Whitaker" now informs us that the Metropolitan Cattle Market is held on Mondays and Thursdays, and the General, or Pedlars', Market on Tuesdays and Fridays. There is, also, the interesting little point made the other day in the "Daily Mail," which said of the Market: "Pianos of all kinds are being shown 'on the stones' . . . at prices which seem ridiculously cheap. . . . Piano-seekers in the Market keep a sharp lookout for a stout, jovial-looking man of about forty, who goes round to the different pitches where pianos are for sale and demonstrates the capabilities of the instruments."

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

"IT'S a silly front, but it's very beautiful," says Catharine Barkley, who is an English V.A.D., to Henry, who is an American ambulance volunteer, at the beginning of "A Farewell to Arms" (Cape; 7s. 6d.). It is the Italian front. Silliness or beauty, loyalty or desertion, lust or love, the by-products of war give Ernest Hemingway his superb opportunity. His genius declares itself in the perfection of detail, on the one hand, and in a profound discernment on the other. Dualism runs through the narrative, and it runs deep. It lies at the very foundations of the brilliant construction. The muddy stupidity of the war has not obscured an awareness of river water clear and shallow, of blue sky and brown mountain, of the green shoots on the vines. The bombardment, where men kill each other senselessly, comes early. At the end is the death of Catharine in childbirth, which to the agnostic philosopher is a death not less senselessly wasteful. Catharine's last hours are preceded by the panic of Caporetto and Henry's escape in the night of disaster. His life is saved. Hers, precious and significant, is lost, and she dies with her courage unabated. To beat the drum and proclaim that this is the best war novel has a foolish air. It has been done too often. But to read "A Farewell to Arms" is to perceive that it does not fall short of greatness.



MISS VINA DELMAR,
Author of "Women Who Pass By."

If one should return from the dead is the text of Susan Glaspell's "The Fugitive's Return" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.). To all intents and purposes Irma Lee had abandoned life when the unwitting intrusion of a friend prevented her from swallowing the fatal draught. She found her way from America to Greece. The break with her existence as Irma Lee was complete. To the Greek peasants she appeared as their Kyria, a strange, voiceless being, sacrosanct; and she restrained their brutalities to animals and to each other. The border line between exaltation and perfervid sentimentalism is thin in places, but Miss Glaspell's study of a supersensitive is, of course, worthy of her reputation. Another clever study of abnormal personalities is "Shard" (Blackwood; 7s. 6d.), by Daphne Lambert. The three Shards, her hedonist young people—two sisters and a brother—are faun-like moderns. They were utterly selfish, dangerously charming, and disastrous to anyone

whose life impinged on theirs. It is a curious book, fascinating by virtue of its delightful style as well as by the glitter of the Shards, who broke hearts without a quiver, and, in fact, with inhuman amusement. "Far Wandering Men" (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d.) is yet another book in which the scenes are laid on the fringes of civilisation. It is a collection of stories, mainly about adventures in the Pacific islands. John Russell, the author, is an adept at creating grim, ironical situations. Treasure-hunters

who are robbed of their booty by a malign fate figure more than once, and "Powers of Darkness," which deals with the brown man's magic, is a very neat excursion into the uncanny.

Helen Simpson produces a capital novel of the Regency in "The Desolate House" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). Here you may find the aspects of the English country life that Jane Austen passed by with such inspired and incomparable indifference—the gross, blood-letting rivalries, the superstitions of the peasantry, the disorderly magnificence of loose-living country gentlemen. Miss Simpson's ladies may faint, but they have better nerves than Fanny Price, and they need them. The book is a very fine work of fiction, and it makes enthralling reading. Something of this is due to a

singularly lucid and vivid literary gift. The rest is the grip of the plot, which holds a murder trial and the agony of a servant girl at the heart of it. A far cry from Miss Austen indeed, but a most admirable achievement.

"Carr" (Benn; 7s. 6d.), by Phyllis Bentley, and "The History of Button Hill" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), by Gordon Stowell, are long novels of industrial Yorkshire. "Button Hill," which is a first novel, succeeds very well in describing the birth, growth, and decline of a suburb, and in tracing minutely the more obvious features of suburban humanity. It is not a trivial book, and it affords food for some depressing reflections. These, ever-increasing, are the English, you see.

Standardising the population at the Button Hill level proceeds apace, modified slightly by jazz and the servant problem. That is one of several good reasons for reading Mr. Stowell's book. Miss Bentley's canvas is bigger, as her method is more elaborate. She has taken a dynasty of West Riding manufacturers, run through it, and concentrated

on the history of Catherine, the last heiress, and her collaterals. She casts it in the form of the popular biography, and she

plays the trick only too well.

Her genuine romantic art—art of a high order—narrowly escapes being buried under the solidity of Philip Carr's literary monument. The contrast between the realism of these books and Archibald Marshall's "Miss Welby at Steen" (Collins; 7s. 6d.) is extreme. There was a time when Mr. Marshall wore the mantle of Anthony Trollope, and it was a passable fit. In "Miss Welby" the robust Victorian sentiment fades into insipidity. It is the incredible narrative of an angelic governess in a country house where everybody was divinely sweet, except the butler's wife and the housekeeper, who essayed a little mild mischief. It is true the Colonel and the lady prepared to elope, but it is plain that they would never have done it. Miss Welby was there to call them to repentance. "Women Who Pass By" (Philip Allan; 7s. 6d.) is a suitable corrective after "Miss Welby at Steen." It is by Vina Delmar. Twelve women; they have a story apiece. Their episodes are mainly cynical, hingeing on life's little ironies and failures in the region where failure is more dam-

natory than anywhere in the world—to wit, modern America. If you want to see the unfashionable quarter of New York with the lid off, you will find it in all its actuality in

Miss Delmar's book. And if, after that, you wish for a literary experience that is its complete antithesis, there is "The

Mirror of Kong Ho" (Grant Richards and Toulmin; 7s. 6d.), by Ernest Bramah. The action is dated; it belongs to the early nineteen hundreds; but the

bland philosophy of its polite young Chinese gentleman is not affected by the passage of the years. It is the complement to "The Wallet of Kai Lung," by the same author, and it need not be said that Mr. Bramah's writing is as delectable as are the astonishments of Mr. Kong Ho beholding the manners and customs of Bloomsbury. "The 'Crying Pig' Murder" (Harrap; 7s. 6d.), by Victor MacClure, and "Who Killed Charmian Karlsake?" (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.), by Annie Haynes, hit off the popular taste in this class of fiction. It is not so much who committed the murder of the "Crying Pig" that counts; it happens to be fairly simple to spot the criminal. How and why it was done provide the thrills. Miss Haynes's posthumous thriller is as good as any of its predecessors, and well above the average of detective stories. Both these novels are efficiently thought out and dramatically developed, and can be recommended.



MISS PHYLLIS BENTLEY,
Author of "Carr."



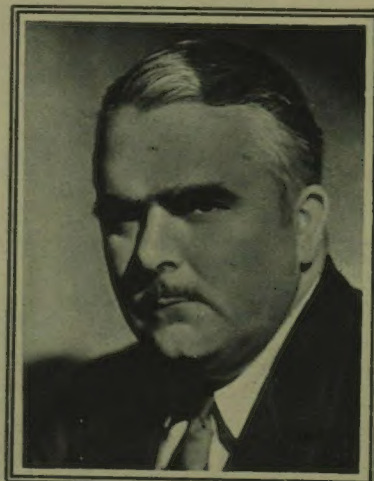
MR. JOHN RUSSELL,
Author of "Where the Pavement Ends," whose new book of short stories, "Far Wandering Men," has just been published.



MR. GORDON STEWELL,
Author of "The History of Button Hill."



MISS SUSAN GLASPELL,
Author of "The Fugitive's Return."



MR. VICTOR MACCLURE,
Author of "The 'Crying Pig' Murder."



MR. ERNEST HEMINGWAY,
Author of "A Farewell to Arms."

**EARLY BRONZES
FOUND IN ITALY:
DISCOVERIES
DATING FROM
FAR-SEPARATED
PERIODS—
PRE-ETRUSCAN
AND GOTHIC.**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ROYAL
ACADEMY DEI LINCEI, ROME,
SUPPLIED BY PROF. F. HALBHERR.

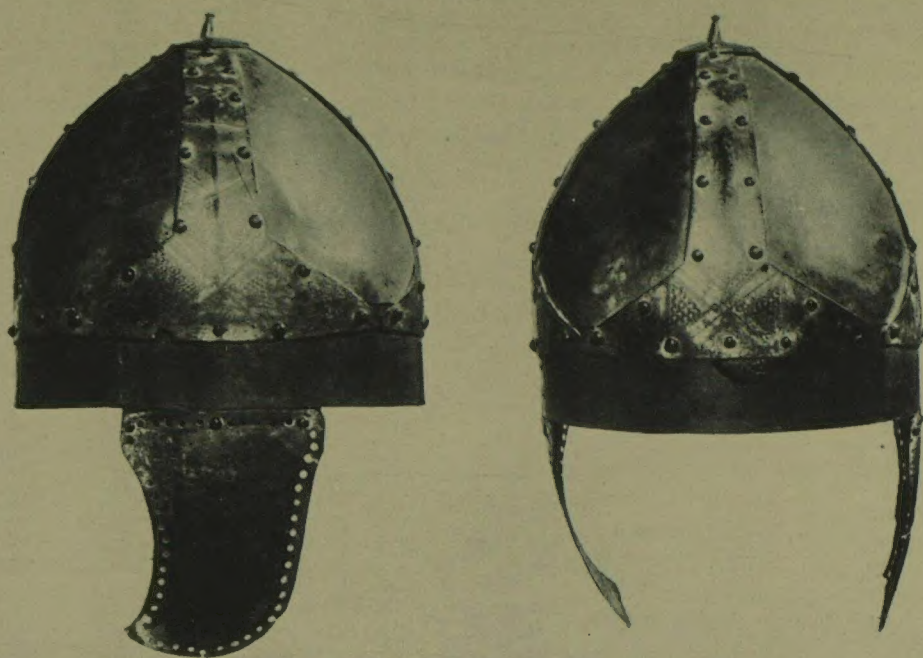
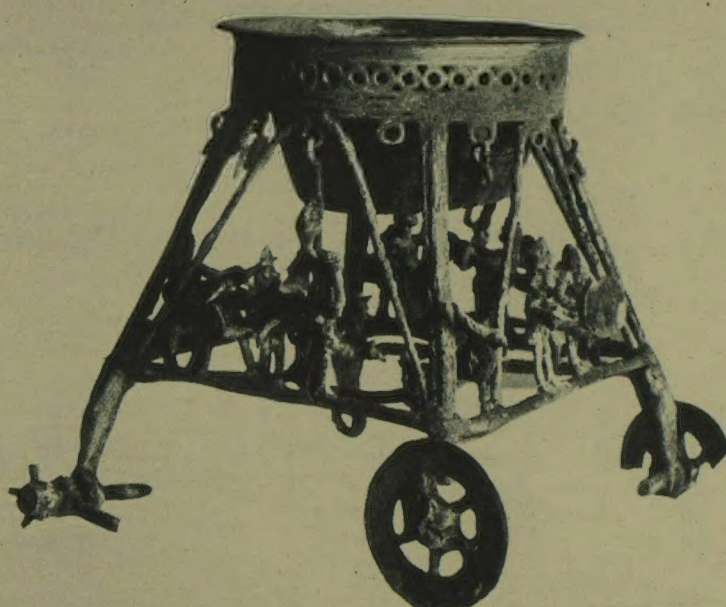
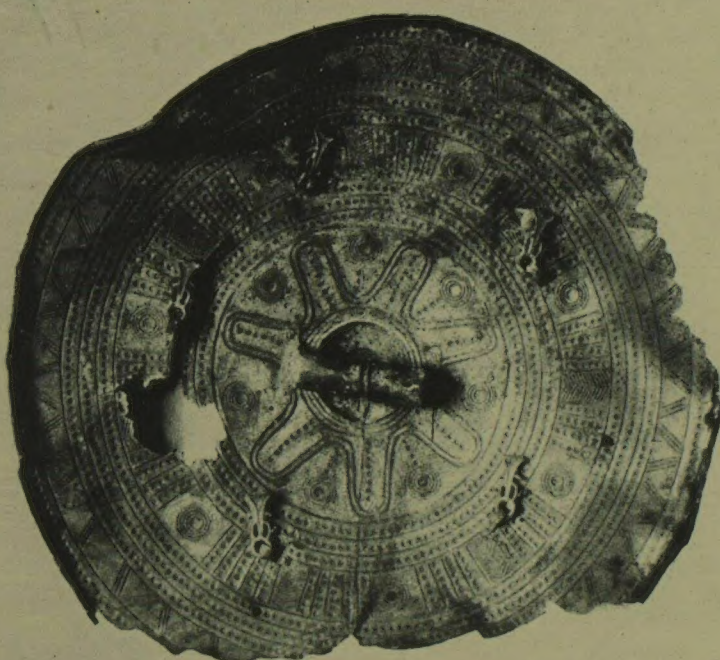
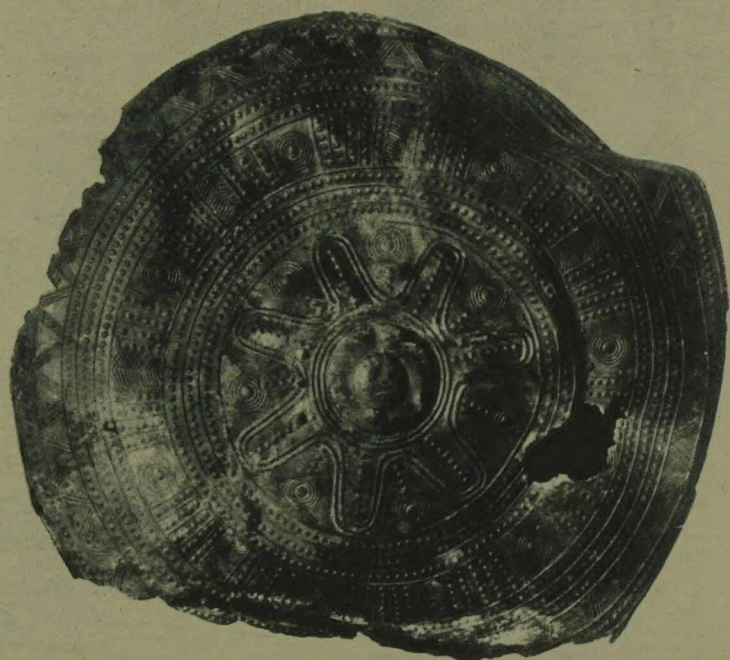


FIG. 1. A GOTHIC
HELMET OF
GILDED COPPER
SHAPED LIKE
A MODERN
AIRMAN'S CAP:
A RARE AND
SPLENDID
EXAMPLE OF
GOTHIC, OR
LONGBARDIC,
ARMOUR
RECENTLY
FOUND IN THE
ABRUZZI—AT
THE OPPOSITE
POLE OF
ITALIAN BRONZE-
WORK FROM
THE PRE-
ETRUSCAN
EXAMPLES
ILLUSTRATED
BELOW.



FIGS. 2 AND 3. ONE OF THE MOST ANCIENT SPECIMENS OF OPEN-WORK BRONZE EVER FOUND IN ITALY: A GREAT BRAZIER (FOR PERFUME-BURNING), WITH A CHARIOT-LIKE BASE WITH FIGURES OF WARRIORS, PEASANTS AND HUNTERS—A FUNERARY VESSEL USED BY PRE-ETRUSCAN INHABITANTS OF VOLSINII, AND SHOWING IONIC GREEK INFLUENCE (TWO SIDES OF THE SAME OBJECT).



FIGS. 4 AND 5. A BRONZE SHIELD DATING FROM PREHISTORIC TIMES (FRONT AND BACK VIEWS): A DECORATED EXAMPLE FOUND IN A WARRIOR'S TOMB, ALONG WITH WEAPONS AND VASES, DURING RECENT EXCAVATIONS OF A PRE-ETRUSCAN BURIAL-GROUND AT VISENTIUM, IN THE VOLSINIAN TERRITORY.

The art of bronze-work in Italy at two widely separated periods is represented by two recent discoveries of great interest here illustrated. The pre-Etruscan shield (Figs. 4 and 5) was discovered at Visentium, in a warrior's tomb, along with other funerary deposits, including vases and weapons. Figs. 2 and 3 show a great brazier, or vessel for burning perfumes, supported by a kind of four-wheeled chariot. "It was used," writes Professor Halbherr, "in burial ceremonies by the pre-Etruscan people of Volsinii on the Lake of Bolsena. This is one of the most ancient specimens in Italy of bronze-work *à jour* (open work), with figures of warriors, peasants, and hunters of pure Italian character, while the shape

of the vessel itself, and the style and workmanship, betray Ionic influences, due to the early Greek trade with Italy." Describing Fig. 1, Professor Halbherr says: "The opposite pole of Italian bronze-work is represented by another recent discovery, consisting in the remains of a repository of Gothic, or rather Longobardic, armour, found at Torricella Peligna, in the Abruzzi. The chief piece is a splendid helmet of gilded copper, similar in shape to a modern aviator's cap. It is a rare form of casque, of which only a few specimens exist in European museums, deriving from Byzantine helmets. In Italy they were probably manufactured at Ravenna, the centre of Byzantine art and industry in the West."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

ACCESSORIES OF THE CHRISTMAS FEAST: WINE AND TRUFFLES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE grateful memories of Christmas turkey stuffed with truffles are becoming more and more lively as the day of the great feast draws near. By their stimulus we are enabled to enjoy, with ever-increasing intensity, the contemplation of the good things in store for us a few days hence! Yet how many among us are there who could relish

takes place rapidly without further preparation. And the liquor is "consumed on the premises"; for Dr. Wollaston tells us of a gang of natives, the laziest in the village, whose custom it was to start off towards evening to their favourite drinking-tree, where they spent the night in a wild carouse, returning in the morning to the village, raving and quarrelling, and ending, not seldom, by knocking the house to pieces.

My purpose just now, however, is not to pass in review all the various kinds of wine and beer, and fermented milks (kephir, koumiss, leben), fruits, and seeds (sake, arrak), or plant-juices (pulque), but rather to draw attention to the fact that all these are dependent for their being on little demons whose presence was unsuspected by the earlier brewers. When the maltster had prepared his malt—and that was, and is, a ticklish business—he had to wait until his carefully prepared liquor began to "ferment." Again he was faced with an anxious time. By experience he learned to control that fermentation, and what next was to be done before his beer became drinkable. Similarly, when the grapes had been trodden out in the wine-press, the juice had also to be fermented. How and why this mysterious process was effected, he had not the glimmering of a notion. We had to wait for Pasteur to tell us this.

By the aid of his microscope, and infinite patience, he found that the agents bringing about the much desired and indispensable fermentations were minute bodies allied to the fungi, which he called yeast-cells. The best known of all these is *Saccharomyces cerevisiae*, which has no name in common speech, whose activities produce beer and also the yeast for bread-making (Fig. 4). Another species of these "yeast-plants" provides the ferment that makes wine. Verily the small things of this world confound the great!

Let me pass now from ferments to fungi, with which I began. These have generally an evil reputation and a mysterious habit of appearing in the most unexpected places and under the strangest of forms. But there are some beneficent species, like *Pensillum*, on which we depend for the ripening of our cheeses. What would Stilton or Gorgonzola be without its veining of "blue-mould"? What should we do without mushrooms—and truffles? It is of these last I would speak now, for many will use them for stuffing the Christmas turkey, though they seem to be going out of fashion. This must be so, for no one now seems to take the trouble to hunt for our native species. Most of us are probably unaware even of their existence, for they live underground. In olden

days they were hunted by pigs, or by dogs trained for the purpose. To-day we are dependent for our supplies from France.

The general appearance of one of the most delicious of these curious fungi is shown in Fig. 1, while in Fig. 2 its spores are seen. These are excessively minute bodies which answer in a general way to the seeds of

flowering plants. These spores are not only excessively minute, but they are produced in numbers almost incredible. The common puff-ball, for example, releases, when ripe, somewhere round about seven million million spores: fortunately, only a few ever come to maturity.

Man, however, is not alone in his use of fungi; many insects cultivate them, and are, indeed, dependent on them for their existence. But of these I can say nothing on this occasion, lest I spoil a good story. Moreover, to-day I am thinking not so much of the industries of animals as of our early ancestors, who, probably by fortunate accident, at different times and places, have furnished us with the wherewithal to make merry on our feast-days, both in the matter of food and drink.

I like to imagine, for example, that the first wine came into being when some Pharaoh's butler, to

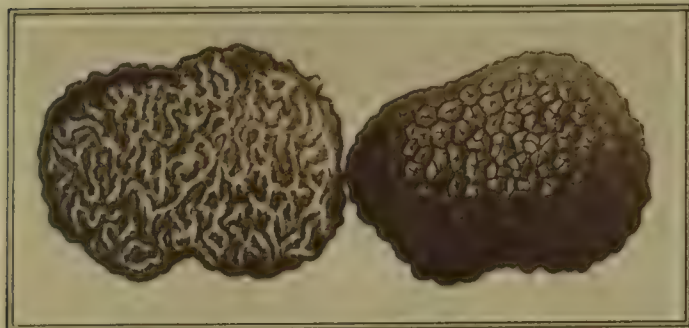


FIG. 1. THE TRUFFLE *PAR EXCELLENCE*: THE BLACK TRUFFLE OF PROVENCE.

This species represents the truffle of the gourmet, and is probably still to be found in Wiltshire and other parts of England. Of the numerous species, this has always been esteemed the best. It has a black corrugated surface, and may be as large as an orange. In section (left) the flesh is spotted black by the spores.

his Christmas turkey washed down with, say, barley-water in place of a glass or two of well-chosen wine? I can hear that injunction, "Look not on the wine while it is red," without turning a hair—for I prefer it white! We can erect no monument to the man who first discovered the subtle qualities of alcohol, or the mode of creating it. The ancient Egyptians five thousand years ago were skilled in the arts of the brewer and the vintner (Fig. 3). They grew their vines generally on a trellis-work.

Whether beer and wine were the first fermented liquors to be made is not known. But as far as our home-land and Northern Europe are concerned it would seem that they were preceded by mead and cider, both highly satisfying drinks. Nor do we know whether, in so far as Europe is concerned, the cult of making fermented liquor began and spread from Egypt, as did most of the arts of civilisation. That it was discovered independently by peoples living in remote corners of the world seems an inevitable conclusion, for, search where you will, from Prohibitionist America to the remotest haunts of savage man, you will find the "cup that cheers," though you and I might not always find it palatable. Let the devotees of barley-water say what they will, there are times when most of us will cry out with old Omar—

But fill me with the old
familiar juice,
Methinks I might recover,
bye and bye.

The assumption that the art of brewing fermented liquor has arisen independently in many parts of the world is, indeed, well founded, and I need do no more in support of this than cite the case of the Papuans. During the expedition of my friend Dr. A. F. R. Wollaston to

New Guinea, he found the natives of Wakatimi assiduously cultivating a sugar-palm (*Arenga saccharifera*), from which they made a very potent and intoxicating liquor. When the tree is in fruit a cut is made in the stem below the stalk of the fruit, and from this wound a juice trickles out which is then collected in the shell of a coconut. Fermentation



FIG. 3. A CONVIVIAL DEITY OF ANCIENT EGYPT: HAPI, THE NILE-GOD, BEARING OFFERINGS OF BREAD, WINE, AND FRUIT. The Nile-god was extolled as the creator of barley and of fruit, and was the source of the water of the Nile. He is always depicted as a man wearing a cluster of water-plants on his head. This figure dates from the Early Dynastic Period (B.C. 4400).



FIG. 2. THE SPORES OF THE BLACK TRUFFLE: (RIGHT TO LEFT) A COMPLETE CELL; A SPORE ISOLATED; AND TYPICAL WART-LIKE EXCRESCENCES (ENLARGED).

The spores, or reproductive bodies giving rise to new truffles, are incredibly numerous, surrounded by spines, and enclosed within a cell-wall. Each cell contains from three to four spores, one of which is seen isolated. On the left are seen three of the wart-like excrescences of the outer wall of the truffle, enlarged.

save himself trouble, pressed out a larger quantity of the juice of the grape than he had need of at the moment; then, putting it aside, he forgot all about it.

When he came on it again it had undergone a strange transformation. It had acquired a new

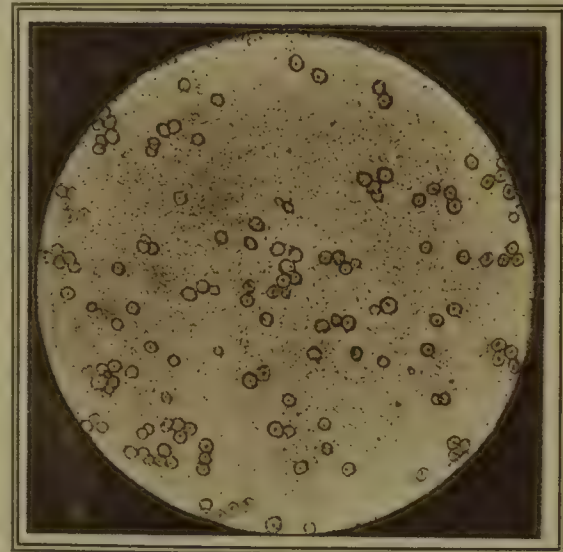


FIG. 4. SOME "LITTLE DEMONS" OF FERMENTATION: YEAST-CELLS OF *SACCHAROMYCES CEREVISIAE* MAGNIFIED 500 TIMES.

There are many species of these yeast-plants, and they are not easily distinguished one from another. Only some of these furnish the right fermentation for making beer. And of these pure cultures are made. Other species cause turbidity in the beer. The old-time brewers, knowing nothing of the causes of fermentation, often suffered great losses by the intrusion of unwanted species.

savour. And, hesitatingly taking a sip, he made a great discovery. Henceforth he became the most favoured of cup-bearers! Let us drink to his health on Christmas Day!

NOT TO BE SUBMERGED: A FAMOUS HIGHLAND GLEN SAVED.



A HIGHLAND GLEN SAVED FROM CONVERSION INTO A LAKE: GLEN AFFRIC—WITH LOCH AFFRIC AND LOCH BENEVIAN—A CONSIDERABLE PART OF WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN SUBMERGED IF THE GRAMPIAN ELECTRICITY SUPPLY COMPANY'S SCHEME FOR RAISING THE LEVEL OF LOCH AFFRIC HAD BEEN SANCTIONED.



WHERE MUCH OF THE SCOTS PINE FOREST WOULD HAVE BEEN SACRIFICED HAD THE ELECTRICITY SUPPLY SCHEME GONE THROUGH, AND THE WATER-LEVEL OF THE LOCH BEEN RAISED BY MEANS OF A DAM: LOCH AFFRIC—SHOWING A PART OF THE FOREST IN THE FOREGROUND, AND THE SNOW-CAPPED MAM SOUL.

Writing to us the other day, a reader in Scotland called our attention anew to the threatened Glen Affric area, whose fate was then under official discussion. "The matter," he wrote, "is of great concern to those of us interested in the flora and natural woodland of Scotland. We reckon Scotland's Pine Forest still left in Glen Affric as a unique example too precious to be ruthlessly destroyed or endangered. The forest cannot be replaced, and in our forestry enterprise is of the utmost value. A resolution at the Botanical Society of Edinburgh will point out the need to protect and, at all costs, to preserve, as far as possible, this remarkable relic of former woodland." By this time, our correspondent, and very many others with him, will have

rejoiced in the news that a Committee of the House of Lords has saved Glen Affric from the submersion, or partial submersion, which might have been its lot. The Grampian Electricity Supply Company, it may be recalled, proposed to raise the level of the loch, in order to supply part of the water for a big electricity generating station, and this would have meant the loss of a considerable tract of forest. It is the sanction for this scheme that has been refused. Glen Affric, it should be added for the benefit of the uninitiated, is in Inverness-shire. Affric is the name of both the lake and a river. The lake is fourteen miles north-west of Fort Augustus, at a height of 744 feet above sea-level: the river passes through Lochs Affric and Benevian.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN arranging the menu for my Yuletide feast, I have, of course, tried to select items more or less in season, and I thought it might be interesting to discover, in the books available, any accounts of Christmas spent in bygone days or in unusual conditions. As a matter of fact, there is very little of a Christmassy flavour about most of the hundred-odd works that are still simmering in my literary stock-pot, awaiting their turn to be "in the soup."

Diligent research, however, did produce two examples of the requisite type, and one of them is a book not only worth reading and treasuring at any time, but rendered peculiarly seasonable just now by current events. At a time when the good ship *Discovery* is once more, in her twenty-seventh year, cleaving Antarctic seas, it is fitting to call to mind the heroic man who was her first commander. He is the subject of a new volume in the Golden Hind series (lives of great explorers by well-known men of letters)—namely, "CAPTAIN SCOTT." By Stephen Gwynn. Illustrated (Lane; 12s. 6d.). The author's object has been, not so much to retell the story of Scott's exploits—already recorded in his own book ("The Voyage of the *Discovery*") and in his posthumous journal—but rather to give a general record of his career, and especially to bring out the qualities of his character and its national significance. For this purpose Mr. Gwynn has had permission to supplement the published journal by extracts from Scott's intimate letters to his wife, written shortly before the tragedy of 1911.

Two passages in the book read very poignantly at the present season. The first occurs during one of the sledge expeditions of 1902. "Wilson and Scott knew that Shackleton was showing symptoms of scurvy. But they went on. On December 22nd 'Hunger is gripping us very tightly.' . . . On Christmas Day they had two square meals, and escaped what was the last straw of misery, the obsession of hunger's imaginings. 'We have been chattering away gaily, and not once has the conversation turned to food. We have been wondering what Christmas is like in England—possibly very damp, gloomy, and unpleasant, we think. We have been wondering, too, how our friends picture us.'"

Scott's last Christmas was spent during that grim journey to the Pole from which he did not return. There is here no special allusion to Christmas Day, but the period during which it fell is described as follows: "They did one march of 23 miles on December 20th, pulling 160 pounds a man. Beyond this was made the Upper Glacier Depot, and from here Scott sent back one of his three supporting parties. . . . The next day saw them on the plateau with 337 miles to march. They pushed ahead for a fortnight, averaging close on fifteen miles a day."

Four consecutive Christmas Days at a country vicarage in Norfolk, during the last decade of the eighteenth century, are recorded in "THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PARSON." By the Rev. James Woodforde. Vol. IV., 1793-1796. Edited by John Beresford. Five Illustrations and a Map of Norfolk (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press; 12s. 6d.). Naturally, the proceedings in the quiet parsonage did not vary greatly from year to year. The worthy vicar was fond of his victuals, and almost throughout his diary (a delightfully naïve chronicle, of which previous volumes have been noted here) he records details of his daily repast with religious regularity. Thus, on the 25th December 1793—"Dinner to-day, a boiled Rabbit and Onion Sauce, Surloin of Beef roasted, plum Puddings and Mince Pies."

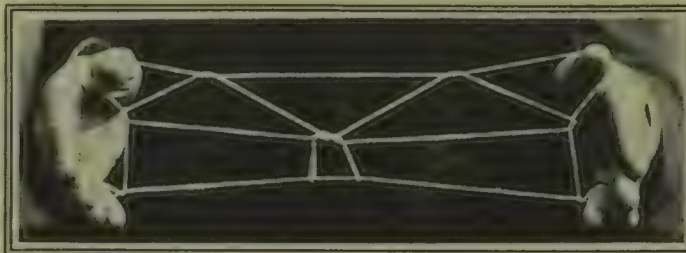
Each Christmas Day the good parson provided dinner and a shilling apiece to half a dozen of his poorer parishioners. A variation in the order of events occurred on the following Christmas, when he fainted in church, for he was now "gotten up in years." The monotony of parochial life was broken for Parson Woodforde in October, 1795, by a visit to London, unwittingly timed to afford him an unexpected thrill. "As we heard when we got to London that the Sessions of Parliament was to be opened to-day, I walked with Nancy to St. James's Park . . . where we saw the King (George III.) go in his State Coach . . . to the House of Lords. . . . I am very sorry to insert that his Majesty was very grossly insulted by some of the Mob, and had a very narrow escape of being killed, a ball passing through the Windows. . . . We had very difficult work to get out of the Park . . . and when we got to Charing Cross in going up the Strand We Met such a Mob of the lowest Class that quite alarmed us. . . . The Mob was composed of the most violent and lowest Democrats."

On this incident Mr. Beresford comments: "Let these Historians who censure Pitt for the measures he took thereafter against the dangers of sedition . . . recall that these things were experienced by people who for six years had watched the French Revolution proceeding in a continual torrent of useless bloodshed. It was not a time to talk, but to govern." Both George III.

and William Pitt figure prominently among the *clientèle* of royal and other celebrities to whom we are introduced in "COUTTS." The History of a Banking House. By Ralph M. Robinson. With Portrait Frontispiece and Forty-two other Illustrations (Murray; 15s.). No history of the famous bank, which originated in the seventeenth century near its present home in the Strand, and on the site of what is now the Little Theatre, has previously been written, and this volume, drawn from a rich store of old records, is one of extraordinary interest. The founder's name has long been a household word. As Mr. Robinson says, "when W. S. Gilbert in 'The Gondoliers' sang of

The aristocrat who hunts and shoots,
The aristocrat who banks with Coutts,

the whole audience took up the allusion."



AN ESKIMO FORM OF "CAT'S-CRADLE": "THE SEAGULL" (TKEYACK).



FOUND ALSO AMONG ESKIMO: "A CALABASH NET" (WEST AFRICA).



A "CAT'S-CRADLE" FROM TORRES STRAITS: "THE FLYING FOX."



A HEBRIDEAN "CAT'S-CRADLE": "LEASHING OF LOCHIEL'S DOGS."



A "CAT'S-CRADLE" FROM KIWAI ISLAND: "THE CRAB" (KOKOWAI).

In sending us these unique photographs, Major Adrian Crombie writes: "The old game of 'Cat's-Cradle,' in which two players form figures with a loop of string, is supposed to have originated in the Far East. Games of 'solo' cat's-cradle, in which a single player forms elaborate figures, are played by native races all over the world, from the Eskimo to South Sea islanders. These games have an ethnological interest. It is curious how such a figure as the 'Calabash Net' came to be played under different names by Eskimos, African races, and Torres Straits islanders; or how 'The Leashing of Lochiel's Dogs' is found in the Hebrides and among American-Indian tribes and in North Africa. For the names of several types I am indebted to 'Cat's Cradles of Many Lands,' by Miss Haddon, a book published about seventeen years ago, which describes the methods of manipulation."

When the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, that famous philanthropist, died in 1906, she was buried in Westminster Abbey. "The Coutts family's share in the Bank," writes Mr. Robinson, "passed to her nephew, Francis Money-Coutts, who was afterwards summoned to the House of Lords as Lord Latymer, on establishing his claim to be co-heir to that barony, which had been dormant since 1577." There does not seem to be any allusion here to his work as a poet. I knew him slightly, before he took his title, when he used to publish volumes of verse with

John Lane.

I well remember having a chat with him at Morwenstow, in 1904, at the dedication of the Hawker Memorial Window, on which occasion he wrote some graceful lines; and as his guest once at White's Club, I became acquainted with William Archer and Churton Collins, who discussed Hawker's "Quest of the Sangraal."

The romance of a great banking house lies partly in the countless documents committed to its care. "The bank (we read) reminded the seventh holder of an earldom that they had a packet of private letters deposited by the fourth earl nearly a century before. He examined them, but, finding that they referred to an old family scandal, deposited them again to remain in the Bank for a hundred years. . . . There are to-day in the strong rooms several very old chests . . . the fastening of one came apart, and it was found to contain the business accounts of a privateer during the Napoleonic wars. It is possible that in these boxes lies the only remaining record of certain 'ships sunk without trace.'"

Incidents of that kind were not uncommon among the exploits described in "THE SCOURGE OF THE INDIES." Buccaneers, Corsairs, and Filibusters. From original Texts and contemporary Engravings. By Maurice Besson. Translated by Everard Thornton. With five Coloured Plates and 140 other Illustrations (Routledge; 42s.). This large and beautifully printed volume is one of the finest examples of book production issued this season. An additional touch of "period" quality is given by the colour-plates being so produced as to convey the effect of age by a special process. The text recounts the lives and adventures of the most famous French buccaneers in the West Indies. The author describes the life the filibusters led, the women who joined their ranks, and the exploits of such men as the Chevalier de Gramont, Nau l'Olonnais, and Ravenau de Lussan, whose diary of a voyage to the South Seas he partly reproduces.

M. Besson's concluding chapters tell of François Thurot, who harried the English coasts at the end of the eighteenth century, and of Jean d'Albarade, who became French Minister of Marine during the Revolution. Whether either of these two latter gentlemen were clients of Thomas Coutts I cannot say, but one of them, at any rate, was not unfamiliar with London. "Thurot," we read, "often carried contraband to England, and one day the English seized his ship and confiscated it. The loss of a lawsuit at London over this matter made him swear implacable hatred against the English." This oath he seems to have done his best to fulfil, with considerable success.

Among records of foreign aristocrats who banked with Coutts, the bank's historian mentions "a letter written in broken English and a spidery handwriting," bearing "the veritable signature of Baron Munchausen, famous for his marvellous stories," and, against various small loans to him in the banker's memorandum-book, a note in Coutts's handwriting—"Worth nothing." This brings me to a new and pleasingly pictured edition of "THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN." Illustrated by William Strang, R.A., and J. B. Clark. With Introduction by Thomas Seccombe (The Medici Society; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Seccombe explains that the book was really the work of Rudolph Erich Raspe, "scholar and swindler," who in it unmercifully caricatures the real Baron, a genial raconteur addicted to drawing the long bow. I rather suspect that Coutts's client may have been, not the Baron himself, but the man who used his name for literary purposes. I wonder whether there is any evidence on this point? Mr. Seccombe gives a full account both of Raspe and his victim. This reprint of the classic fantasy is a sheer delight.

Other seasonable books worthy of note include two relating to winter sport—"HOW TO BE HAPPY IN SWITZERLAND." By F. McDermott (Arrowsmith; 3s. 6d.); and "CURLING IN SWITZERLAND." By A. Noel Mobbs and F. McDermott. With 102 Photographs and thirty-four Diagrams (Arrowsmith; 10s. 6d.). This work on a typically Scottish game leads me to a really beautiful book by two Scotswomen, entitled "HAUNTING EDINBURGH." By Flora Grierson. Illustrated by Katharine Cameron, A.R.E., A.S.W. (Lane; 20s.). There are sixteen exquisite colour-plates, six black-and-white drawings, and eight reproductions of old title-pages. The letterpress describing Edinburgh of old and new is equally enjoyable.

Finally, I would recommend, to lovers of poetry, two very interesting books. One is "THE POEMS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH." Edited by Agnes M. C. Latham (Constable; 16s.), a definitive edition, at last, of the great Elizabethan voyager's work in verse. The other is "SOUTH AND EAST." By John Masefield. With six Colour Plates after Paintings by Jacynth Parsons. Limited to 2750 copies (The Medici Society; 10s. 6d.). Miss Parsons, it may be recalled, last year illustrated Blake's "Songs of Innocence." And now it only remains to add—"A Merry Christmas to one and all!"

C. E. B.

MAINLY PERSONAL: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



AFTER THE UNION JACK HAD BEEN HAULED DOWN AT WIESBADEN: THE BRITISH TROOPS, ON THEIR WAY TO THE STATION, PASSING THE FRENCH BATTALION SENT TO PAY A TRIBUTE OF FAREWELL. As is noted under our front page illustration, the British flag was hauled down at Wiesbaden on December 12—or, to be strictly accurate, it should be said that two Union Jacks were hauled down, one on the roof of the Hotel Hohenzollern, the British General Headquarters, and the other on a flagstaff before that building. Near the station, a French battalion bade farewell to the departing British troops, having been sent to do so by General Guillaumat, as a tribute. The Fusiliers acknowledged the compliment by playing the "Marseillaise." Wiesbaden will not be entirely evacuated by this withdrawal of the British Army of the Rhine, as the Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission remain, probably until June 30 next.



THE HAULING DOWN OF THE BRITISH FLAG AT WIESBADEN: A WARRANT OFFICER AND A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER CARRYING THE UNION JACKS OVER THEIR ARMS, AT THE HEAD OF THE DEPARTING TROOPS.



THE HAULING DOWN OF THE UNION JACK AT WIESBADEN: LIEUT.-GEN. SIR WILLIAM THWAITES, G.O.C. IN THE RHINELAND, WHO MADE A FRIENDLY SPEECH IN GERMAN.

In the course of a speech from the steps of the Town Hall at Wiesbaden, General Thwaites, speaking in German, said: "You Germans and we English have worked together in delicate circumstances. It has not been pleasant to you, and it has not been easy for us, but I feel that we can congratulate each other upon our behaviour to each other. . . . Our life here has helped us to understand the German people better."



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR HENRY B. JACKSON, F.R.S. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Bradwardine Jackson died on December 14 at his home in Hayling Island, Hants, in his seventy-fifth year. He was essentially a man of science, and did remarkable pioneer work in wireless telegraphy for the Navy. For this, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1901. In addition, he reached high command afloat. He was twice a member of the Admiralty Board; and he succeeded Lord Fisher as First Sea Lord during the first year of the war. That, of course, is to mention but a part of his fine achievement. He retired from the office of First Sea Lord in December, 1916. Later, he became President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.



THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN, WHO ARRIVED IN LONDON ON DECEMBER 12, BUT DID NOT PRESENT HIS CREDENTIALS IMMEDIATELY: M. SOKOLNIKOFF; AND MME. SOKOLNIKOFF. M. Sokolnikoff, the Soviet Ambassador, accompanied by his wife, arrived in London on December 12, and was met by Mr. J. E. Monck, representing the Foreign Secretary. He did not present his credentials immediately, as is the custom, and may not do so before the New Year. The difficulty is, chiefly, that the British Government is still awaiting the replies of some of the Dominions on the recognition of Soviet Russia.



CARRYING A CARGO IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO VALUE, ALTHOUGH IT IS INSURED FOR \$14,000,000: THE "LEONARDO DA VINCI," WITH THE PRICELESS PICTURES FOR THE EXHIBITION OF ITALIAN ART AT BURLINGTON HOUSE ABOARD, ON HER ARRIVAL AT GRAVESEND.

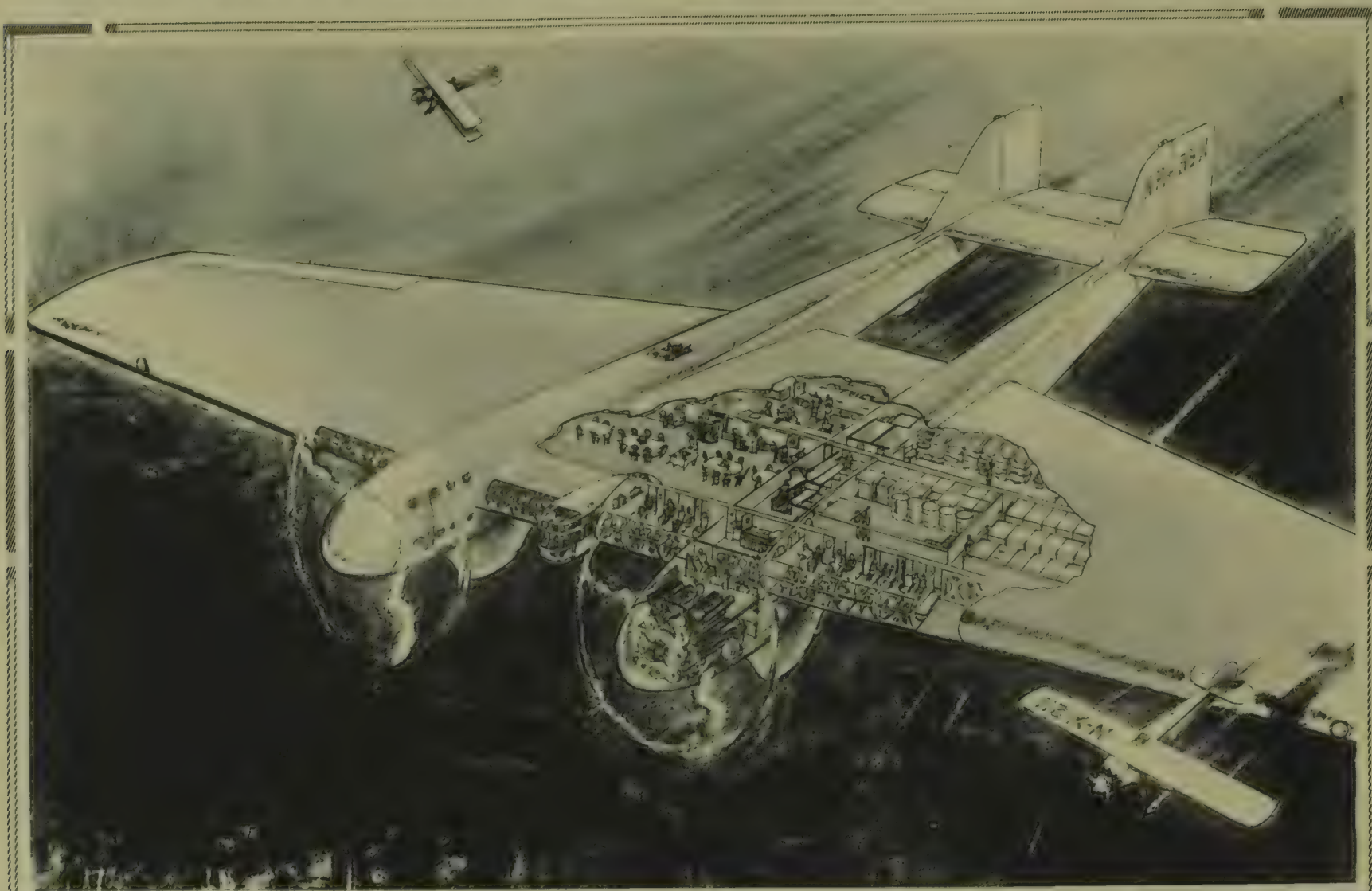
The "Leonardo da Vinci" reached Gravesend on December 11, from Genoa, with the priceless collection of Italian art treasures for the Exhibition due to open at Burlington House on January 1. Needless to say, she had met very bad weather, but Commendatore Modigliani, who was in charge of the precious cargo, said that, though the journey had been boisterous, it had



THE ARRIVAL OF THE "LEONARDO DA VINCI" WITH THE MASTERPIECES OF ITALIAN ART: SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN AND LADY CHAMBERLAIN GREETING COMMENDATORE MODIGLIANI AT THE WEST INDIA DOCK.

never been dangerous. On the 12th the vessel was taken up river to the West India Dock. There, Sir Austen Chamberlain, accompanied by Lady Chamberlain, who was largely responsible for the idea of the Exhibition, went to meet her. As we have said, it is impossible to set a price upon the "Leonardo da Vinci's" cargo, but it was insured for fourteen million pounds.

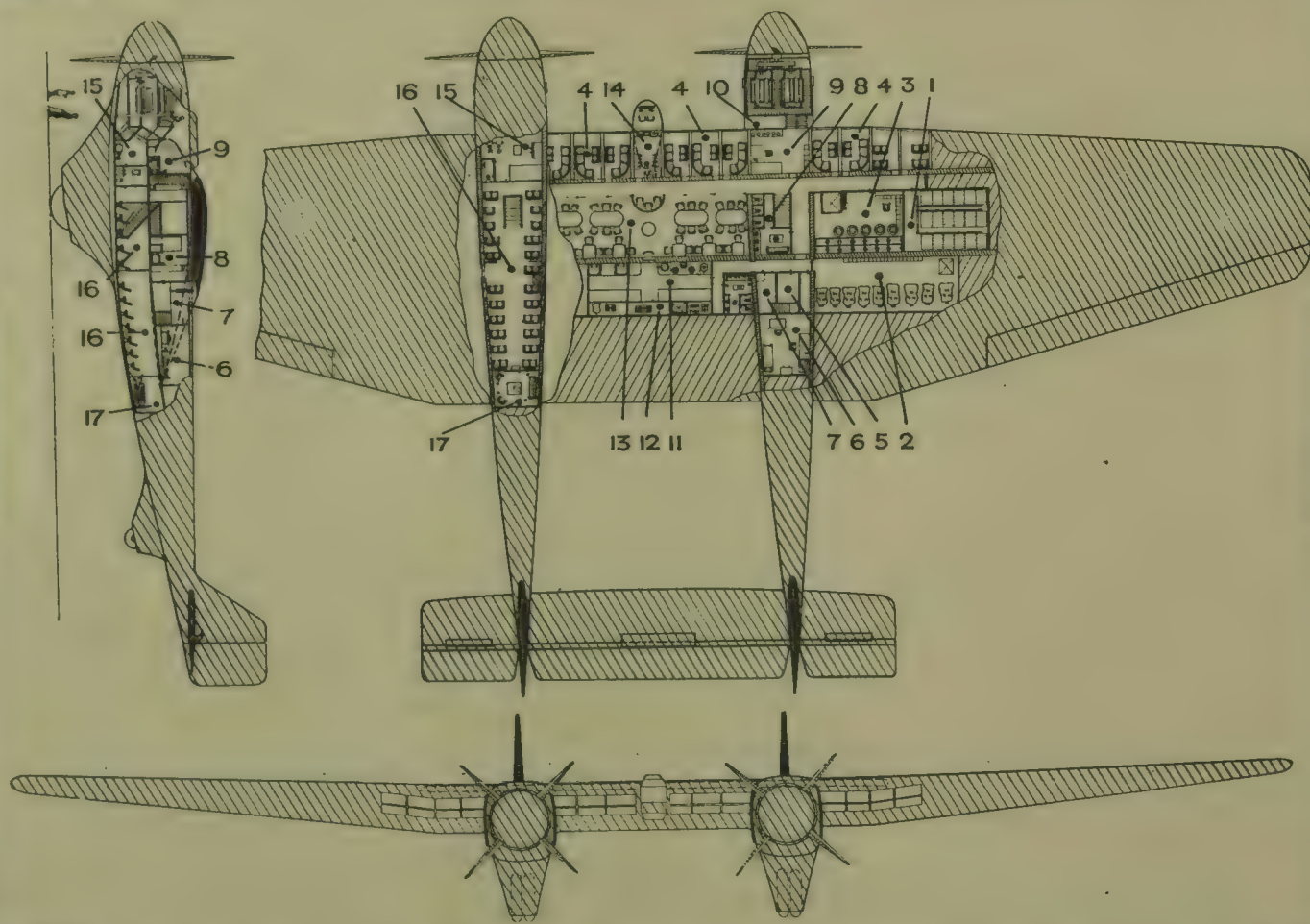
AEROPLANES TO CARRY 200 PEOPLE: PLANS OF THE "CHRISTMAS."



AN AMBITIOUS AMERICAN SCHEME FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST AEROPLANES, WITH WING-SPAN OF 262 FT. AND A GROSS WEIGHT OF 145,000 LB.: A DRAWING, CUT AWAY DIAGRAMMATICALLY TO INDICATE THE PASSENGER ACCOMMODATION, OF THE PROJECTED "CHRISTMAS" MONOPLANE, PLACED FOR COMPARISON ALONGSIDE AN AEROPLANE OF ORDINARY SIZE (IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND).

PLANS have been announced for the construction of a fleet of four aeroplanes larger than any yet built, and eclipsing in passenger accommodation even the famous Dornier "DO.X." In a recent issue of "Flight," to which paper we are indebted for the lower illustration, an article on the subject says: "The new American project owes its inception to Dr. William Whitney Christmas, Vice-President of the General Development Co., of Connecticut. The chief engineer of the General Development Co. is Mr. E. Eliot Green, who was previously aeronautical engineer to the Department of Commerce at Washington, and who designed the Waco machine which won the 1928 Spokane trans-continental air Derby. . . . Apparently the engineers are satisfied, from calculations and

(Continued below.)



THE "CHRISTMAS" MONOPLANE IN DIAGRAM—GROUND, FRONT, AND SIDE PLANS: (1) FUEL TANKS; (2) MAIL COMPARTMENTS; (3) LUGGAGE FREIGHT AND HOISTS; (4) PASSENGER CABIN; (5) PURSER'S OFFICE; (6) OFFICERS' QUARTERS; (7) OBSERVATION DECKS; (8) LAVATORY AND REST ROOMS; (9) ENGINE CONTROL BALCONIES; (10) ENGINE ROOM; (11) KITCHEN; (12) FOOD STORAGE; (13) DINING SALOON; (14) CONTROL ROOM AND PILOT HOUSE; (15) ENGINE AND MACHINISTS' SECTION; (16) PASSENGER SALOONS; (17) SMOKING ROOMS.

(Continued.)

wind-tunnel tests, that all will be well, and are putting in hand no less than four machines, the cost of which is estimated at 2,000,000 dollars. Fundamentally, the new American giant, which for convenience we will call the 'Christmas,' is a twin-fuselage cantilever monoplane. Constructionally the machine is an all-metal structure, but the covering is of plywood. The passengers' quarters (designed to

accommodate 160 passengers, exclusive of a crew of 17) are located partly in the wing and partly in the two fuselages. There are eight engines (of 1100-h.p. each), four in each fuselage." The maximum carrying capacity is said to be 206 people. The principal dimensions of the huge craft are given as—length, 138 ft.; height, 31 ft. 6 in.; wing-span, 262 ft.; and gross weight, 145,000 lb.



SUGGESTING A STRANGE VAMPIRE BAT! THE "HUSH-HUSH" ENGINE WHOSE BOILER HAS BEEN BUILT TO THE LIMITS OF THE RAILWAY GAUGE; SO THAT THERE IS NO ROOM FOR A CHIMNEY TO PROJECT—FRONT AND SIDE.

The unique locomotive here illustrated has been completed for the London and North Eastern Railway Company and its trials are imminent. To quote the official description: "The boiler has been constructed to the extreme limits of the railway gauge and there is no room for a chimney to project above the boiler. The chimney has, therefore, been sunk within casing plates which are so arranged as to throw the smoke upwards and clear of the driver's view from his position on the footplate. The locomotive possesses the unusually high boiler-pressure of 450 lbs. per square inch. One of the most striking features is that the whole of the air supplied to the firegrate is pre-heated, the supply being taken



from the front of the smoke-box, passing down a space between the boiler and the casings." With its tender, which is of the famous "Flying Scotsman" corridor type, this passenger-locomotive weighs nearly 170 tons!

"AND THE RAIN DESCENDED AND THE FLOODS CAME": WATERY WASTES IN SOMERSET AND THE THAMES VALLEY.



WINDSOR HACKCOURSE UNDER WATER, WITH A PUNT WHERE HORSES RUN: A RESULT OF THE FLOODS IN THE THAMES VALLEY.



A RAILWAY IN SOMERSET TAKES ON THE ASPECT OF A CANAL: THE STATION AT LANGPORT WEST, WITH THE LINE THREE FEET UNDER WATER.



THE HISTORIC VILLAGE WHERE KING ALFRED BURN'T THE CAKES AGAIN ISLANDED: A STREET IN ATHELNEY, WITH A BOAT GOING ALONG IT.



A MOTOR-CAR AS A "SUBMARINE": A DERELICT SUBMERGED ON A FLOODED ROAD AT SUNBURY-ON-THAMES, WITH A PUNT PASSING BY.



WHERE BOTH ROAD AND RAIL TRAFFIC HAVE BEEN DISLOCATED BY FLOODS THAT FORMED A BIG LAKE IN SOMERSET: THE CORNISH RIVIERA EXPRESS ON THE LINE BETWEEN ATHELNEY AND TAUNTON.



THAMES FLOODS THAT CURTAILED THE HALF-TERM OF THE GREAT FLOODS IN SOMERSET THAT RENDERED 200 FAMILIES HOMELESS



A FUNERAL THAT HAD TO BE CONDUCTED BY WATER IN THE THAMES VALLEY AS THE HOUSE WAS INACCESSIBLE BY ROAD: THE COFFIN AND MOURNERS IN A PUNT AT BOURNE END.



AN UNUSUAL SCENE IN GLOUCESTER: SWANS IN A FLOODED STREET IN A LOW-LYING PART OF THE CITY FED FROM THE WINDOWS OF A HOUSE.



DELIVERING PROVISIONS BY BOAT TO MAROONED VILLAGERS AT ATHELNEY: A TYPICAL SCENE OF THE GREAT FLOODS IN SOMERSET THAT RENDERED 200 FAMILIES HOMELESS

Somerset and the Thames Valley have suffered especially from floods due to the recent storms and heavy rainfall. It is more than half a century since the moorland between Bridgwater and Glastonbury has been so seriously inundated as to form an extensive lake! Bridgwater was reported to be threatened by a vast accumulation of flood water near Somerset. Several villages were submerged, and there was a risk that the villagers might try to save their homes by cutting the dykes, thereby causing 20,000 acres of flood water (about 120,000,000 tons) to pour across the plain into Bridgwater like a tidal wave. Watchmen on the dykes worked day and night to prevent such a disaster. The village of Athelney, where King Alfred took refuge from the Danes and, according to the old story, allowed the cottager's cakes to burn, became once more an island. Several houses there and in the neighbouring village of Ling, were marooned, and provisions were sent to the occupants by boat. At Burrowbridge over sixty families had to leave their homes. Road and rail traffic



IN THE SOMERSET VILLAGE OF BURROWBRIDGE, WHERE SIXTY FAMILIES HAD TO LEAVE HOME: THE INTERIOR OF A FLOODED ROOM, WITH CHAIRS ON A SUBMERGED TABLE.

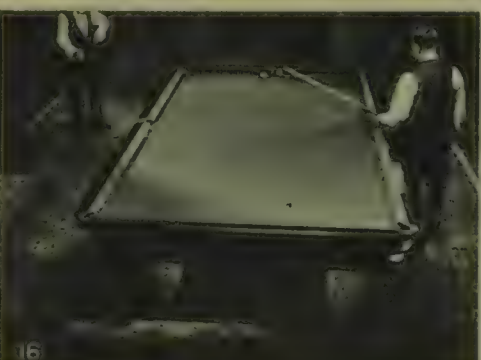
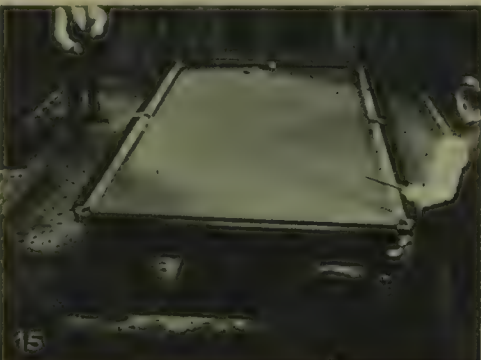


POSTING A LETTER AT STANMOOR, NEAR BURROWBRIDGE: A TYPICAL INCIDENT OF FLOODS IN SOMERSET THAT INVOLVED A NUMBER OF VILLAGES.

in the district were seriously dislocated. In raising a county fund for the sufferers, Lord Bath, Lord Lieutenant of Somerset, stated that nearly 200 homeless families would have to be maintained for four months, and that the cost of relief and rebuilding would be about £30,000. As our photographs show, the Thames floods in parts were very extensive. Speaking as Chairman of the Thames Conservancy Board, Lord Desborough said on December 9: "The river is now in full flood after one of the longest periods of continuous heavy rainfall on record. The flow to-day is 7500 million gallons, and there is no doubt that in a normal year (that is, without the long drought of last summer) a flow of 10,000 million gallons would already have been reached." At Eton on December 11, the river was nearly 5 ft. above normal, and Eton College was surrounded by water. Several of the playing fields were submerged, and boats were used on neighbouring roads. In view of high tides in the following week, the college authorities closed the half-term as from December 17, instead of the 19th.

LINDRUM GIVES A LESSON IN BILLIARDS: A "DROP" CANNON.

THE three columns of photographs on this page show Lindrum making a "drop" cannon, to bring the balls into position at the top of the table for a series of "nursery" cannons. The order of the photographs, showing successive phases of the shot, is from top to bottom in the first (left-hand) column, bottom to top in the second, and top to bottom in the third.



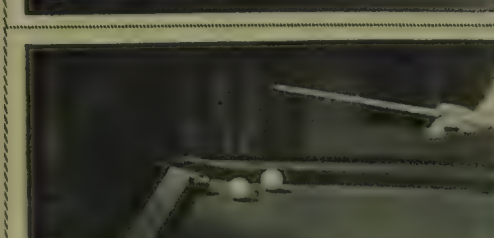
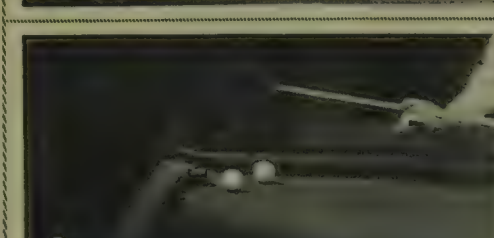
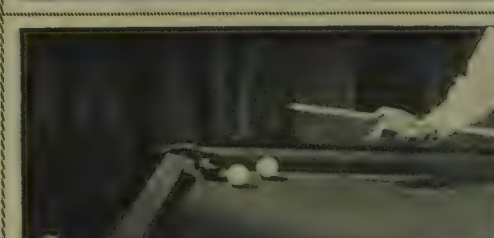
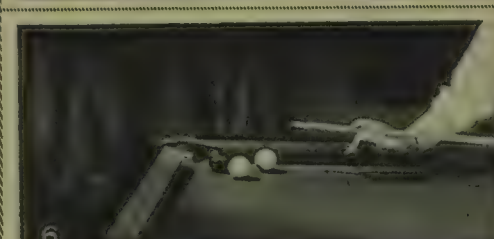
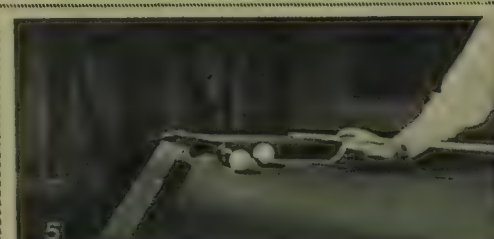
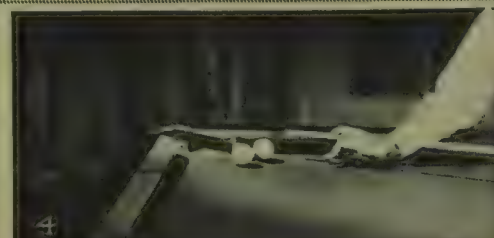
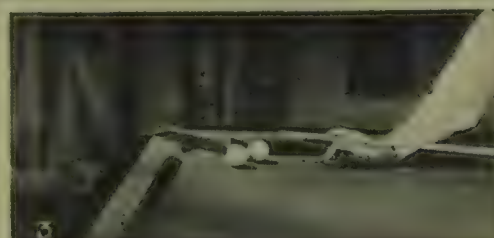
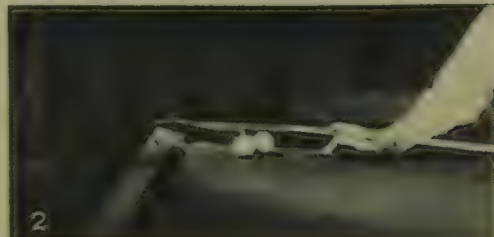
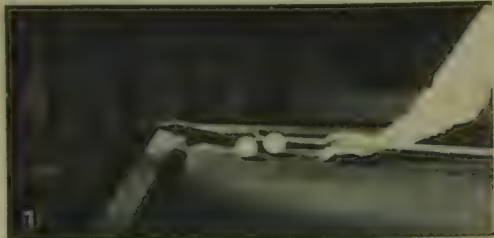
THE MAKER OF THE RECORD BREAK OF 3262 SHOWS HOW IT IS DONE: SUCCESSIVE PHASES OF THE "DROP," "NURSERY," AND—

Walter Lindrum, the left-handed billiards player who startled the sporting world by the fulfilment of his vow to make a 3000 break before his return to Australia, and whose exceptional brilliancy and consistency have attracted all who take interest in the game, has given a display for the Pathé Sound Magazine, which is being

shown to the public on the screen. The picture is rendered all the more interesting by the fact that the audience can hear Mr. Lindrum's remarks as he explains to them exactly what shots he intends to make. He shows how huge breaks are accomplished with fluent ease, and the display includes the execution of various

EXTRACTS FROM A TALKING FILM TAKEN FOR THE PATHÉ SOUND MAGAZINE. BY COURTESY OF FIRST NATIONAL PATHÉ, LTD.

[Continued opposite.]



LINDRUM'S "NURSERY" CANNON;
AND AN ORDINARY CANNON.

THE left-hand column on this page shows, from top to bottom, successive phases of a "nursery" cannon past a corner pocket, and the skill with which Lindrum avoids putting down a ball. The cue-ball strikes the red, which rebounds from the end cushion on to the side cushion (left), and then hits the white. The other columns (left downward and right upward) show an ordinary cannon.



—ORDINARY CANNONS, DEMONSTRATED FOR THE FILMS BY WALTER LINDRUM, THE FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN LEFT-HANDED BILLIARDS PLAYER.
Continued.
losing hazards and "drop" cannons leading up to the placing of the balls, and "nursery" cannons in which the player shows how he guides the balls round the edge of the table, avoiding the pockets, and continuing to build up enormous scores. He also shows that after 35 consecutive cannons it is necessary to execute a "cushion" shot, and demonstrates how this is done. The above three series of photographs, selected from the Pathé film, and showing three types of cannons, afford our readers a unique opportunity for studying this great player's game in some of its most interesting details.

EXTRACTS FROM A TALKING FILM TAKEN FOR THE PATHÉ SOUND MAGAZINE. BY COURTESY OF FIRST NATIONAL PATHÉ, LTD.

THE BOOK OF FU YUN—HAPPY GARDENER.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"PORTRAIT OF A CHINESE LADY": By LADY HOSIE.*

(PUBLISHED BY HODDER AND STOUGHTON.)

THERE is much that is ugly in the China that is a Republic of fighting factions; much that is as hideous as the clay image that sits grinning, with terrible mouth: "black of face, with anger depicted by red flushes, white eye-balls goggling, and many arms springing out from both sides of his body, each arm more menacing than the last, hurling a thunderbolt, a lightning flash, a trident, a hammer." There is much that is cruel, as ruthless as payless troops in the "white wolf" state, dupes amok who have lost every sense of *li*, all idea of right feeling, and rack their coolie countrymen, to force disclosure of their microscopic hoards, maltreating the cowering men and kicking aside the crouching women. There is much that is as corrupt as the official who heeds not the warning of the yamen wall with the bare-fanged tiger to remind him that he must not devour without mercy. There are the sick and the sorrowful and the oppressed; the unwashed and the herded-together; the ignorant and the preyed-upon. There are the pitiful victims of the locust-armies: "From a level crossing . . . there came, mostly in single file, a procession of perhaps twenty refugees from some village which either was expecting a visit from Chinese soldiery or had recently received one. Swift as the moving shadow of a cloud they filed. Unkempt women, with straggling hair, clutched poor kitchen tools, a kettle or a pan; a bundle of precious clothing was fastened to their backs, the knots cutting into their breast, and on the bundle a baby sat, tied pickaback. Husbands, also unkempt, carried a spade, a digging fork, more bedding, another child. The women walked amazingly fast, considering their semi-bound feet. Countrywomen have never bound their feet as tightly as gentlepeople, for they have to follow their men into the fields at sowing and hoeing and harvesting times. Still, all their toes are broken and bound beneath the foot. . . . Swiftly they came: like a grim band of the Furies—haunting spectres."

But there is much that is beautiful; much that is kindly; much that is selfless: China is a very Jekyll and Hyde of a country, ever was and, doubtless, ever will be. That Leo who is quoted in "Hakluyt" ventured: "I conjecture the soile to be fertile, the aire to be wholesome, and the whole kingdom to be at peace." To which Michael made answer: ". . . this common opinion hath bene rife among the Portugals, namely, that the Kingdom of China was never visited with those three most heavy & sharpe scourges of mankind, warre, famine, & pestilence.

literature and the fine arts temper the materialistic and graft a fine philanthropy to philosophy.

"The generation of to-day is but a bridge between the future and the past." At one end of the span is the very East—loath to change; half-sighing for the Examination Cells—and the honourable posts that were earned in them; each class, from rulers, capitalists, merchants, scholars and warriors, to the Hundred Names, the hydra-headed, accepting the freedom or the fetters of their



"NOT WITHOUT CHARM": YOUNG CHINA OF THE UPPER CLASSES.

fathers; marriages made "blindfold," the jealous wife confronted by the concubine, the mother-in-law triumphant; hovels and "back-room" workshops and mansions housing fifty patriarchally; the young subdued by the old; the soothsayer and the fortune-teller flourishing to the fore and only rivalled by the planchette; all men and all women fearful of the gods; a mentality dammed against Rivers of Learning, the mentality of which it is written: "It has been fixed in Chinese women's minds for centuries . . . that if they provide a dead infant with a good burial, the spirit of the child will come and whisper to the living child left in the family of the honour done him. This child will then die, too, in order to obtain a similar privilege. So dead babies are cast out: not buried. That is why a philanthropic Chinese society in Shanghai gains merit by paying coolies to retrieve the bodies of infants and give them sepulture."

At the other end is the West, easternised. Read and realise! The wall of Wenchow was repaired. "There are two Societies in the city. One is a Society for the Preservation of the Wall as an Ancient Monument. The other is for the Tearing Down of the Wall and Making a Road or Tramway in its place, after the fashion of the old city wall of Shanghai. . . . The same man is the chairman of both Societies!" His right hand had defeated his left! Not for long, it may be hazarded. The Occidental is encroaching, almost everywhere.

In scores of ways it is for the good, though Europeanisation and Americanisation have a wake of iconoclasm. The years of Republican China are "in the young green leaf"; but there is burgeoning. School, college, and university conditions, sanitation, health-measures, water-supply, medical aid, safeguards for Labour: all these things, and others as vital, have been bettered well-nigh immeasurably. Science is the pursuit of pursuits. Electricity is a willing genie; railways are lengthening and branching out and superseding the dearest form of transport, man-power; there is a humming of machinery, much of it mis-handled, for the oriental, having bought it "ready-made," cannot vision the thought and the skill that have gone to its creation; the telephone-bell rings incessantly; lifts rise storeys high; there are trams and buses for the rickshaw man to curse; the "self-breathing carriage," the motor-car, is very much at the behest of the well-to-do and the commercial; a beginning has been made with the *Pai Hua*, the White or Clear Language, the tongue of the masses put into writing that they can read and so draw nearer to the literate who owe their knowledge to the classical language, which is "as difficult to write well as classical Greek is to us, and as hard to understand as the language of *Piers Plowman*."

As to woman—and Lady Hosie is most concerned with the women: "Was it Voltaire who said no woman could ever understand the cry: Liberty, equality, fraternity? Perhaps not—for what woman does not know that the freeman is for ever bound, and with a yoke he has fitted on himself? Yet the electric thrill of the new Liberty has flashed into Chinese women's minds. They are staggered and confused by its dazzle and glare." But, even more than the men, they are profiting. The education of enlightenment is theirs, and untrammelled sport. They walk free-footed and ride encushioned. Secondary wives harass them in fewer numbers; usually not at all.

The Master of the house has ceased to be the Lord in the mediæval manner. There is mah-jong to be played, into the earlier hours if the days seem too short; and "all China is a whispering gallery." More: "Lacquered shop-signs, hanging, bore the handsome Chinese gilt characters: and much bunting was witness to a forthcoming spring sale. This is a form of shopping lately introduced to China, and with great success, although naturally only possible in the newer establishments where fixed prices are the rule and the old-fashioned exciting bargaining done away with."

Still more significant: there are turnstiles in the Forbidden City, which is now "open to the public on payment of a small coin at the entrance," and there is "mixed" boating on its waters. Departed glory—yes; but there can be too rigid a seclusion. Consider the wisdom of the young Englishman who dubbed himself a Shanghaiander: "He said he thought that trade and more trade would accomplish as much as anything else to relieve China's difficulties—if their leaders could but see this. . . . The give and take of trade is not only in that of material fabrics. As our comfort depends on goods from other parts of the earth, so Chinese also can enjoy woven stockings—instead of shapeless socks cut from calico; telephones and leather suit-cases; candles and kerosene instead of the old dip-lamps. There is an exchange of ideas also in foreign trade which keeps a nation's mentality alive. The hermit nation becomes intolerably stupid and proud. And what do we not owe to the East in Loveliness?"

A thousand pities that Lady Hosie's father should have to say "More and more I see that what the East wants from the West is our affection. They are only waiting to be wooed. They want us to woo them." A thousand pities that his daughter should have to agree: "I knew he was right. Unfortunately, there are not many who have the leisure to spend in such courtship, though most would wish to do it. The Soviet, shortly afterwards, found time."

And pity 'tis that "most terrible intestine and civile warres" should persist; that Mrs. Sung should have been able to comment of the Canton of a while ago: "The trouble is that half the operatives want the machines to turn out silk, as in the old days, and the other half want only explosives as in these. Then they start quarrelling and shouting and push each other into the machines, and the place swims in blood, or half of it blows up the machines."

All of which is discursive and, I fear, conveys nothing of the charm that is in "Portrait of a Chinese Lady." I can but atone by urging that it must be read. It is as delightful as it is vigorous, delicate, fragrant, and sympathetic. "Here, then, is the book you commanded of me. . . . As I have studied your lives, China has been teaching me many things. There is that grand word *li*, for instance—so short on Chinese lips, *lee*—over the translation of which Western scholars have disputed since first they sank into the seas of Chinese literature. The Reverence that leads to Good Manners, which it connotes, ought it not to enter into our thoughts as nations, when



THE OLD CHINA: A WANDERING BUDDHIST FRIAR WITH BEGGING BOWL AND BELL.

Illustrations Reproduced from "Portrait of a Chinese Lady," by Courtesy of Lady Hosie, the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

we look at each other? Perhaps the Apostle was meaning *li*, when he wrote that each should esteem other better than himself. What do you say, Li Cheng?"

"A heart that is distant creates a wilderness round it"; a heart that is near, a Paradise of flowers.—E. H. G.



ONE WITH THE FLUTE HE PREFERS TO THE RIFLE: TWO CHINESE SOLDIERS IN NANKING—ON DUTY AND OFF.

But that opinion is more common than true: siethens there have bene most terrible intestine and civile warres, as in many and most autenticall histories it is recorded: siethens also that some provinces of the sayd kingdom, even in these our dayes, have bene afflicted with pestilence and contagious diseases, and with famine."

A modern Leo and a modern Michael would say much the same; but Michael would sweeten his bitter facts with Hope. Lady Hosie—"Happy Gardener" that she is—her Mrs. Sung, her Misses Wu and Way and Scented Blossom Lo, her three gentlemen of intellect, her Kung Li Cheng, Encourager of Sincerity, ate "convenient rice" less often among the Elders than among the "new" Chinese, "the people who are making China so different;" but they were far from lacking many to love and respect, many in whom Tradition is not dead, many in whom the classic learning, the veneration of Ancestors, the gems of

* "Portrait of a Chinese Lady and Certain of Her Contemporaries." By Lady Hosie, Author of "Two Gentlemen of China." Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton: 21s. net.)

FILMED IN "THE FOUR FEATHERS": A SUDANESE FIGHTING TRIBE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNEST B. SCHOEDSACK. BY COURTESY OF THE "NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE" (WASHINGTON).



"FIRST-CLASS
FIGHTIN' MEN"
OF A WAR-LIKE
CAMEL TRIBE
IN THE RED SEA
HILLS (AS
DISTINGUISHED
FROM THE
HORSE TRIBES
OF KORDOFAN):
A COLUMN OF
AMARAR
WARRIORS ON
THE MARCH.

LOOKING, AT A
DISTANCE, LIKE
A SWARM OF
LOCUSTS: A
FORCE OF FIVE
HUNDRED
AMARAR
WARRIORS
DISMOUNTED
FROM THEIR
CAMELS DURING
A HALT AMONG
THE RED SEA
HILLS, IN THE
EASTERN SUDAN.



In an article (quoted on page 1107 of this number) describing a visit to the Sudan, Col. Merian C. Cooper writes: "Here, in the Red Sea Hills, live the most famous of all the Sudan fighting tribes . . . the Hadendoa, the Beni-Amer, and the Amarar. They well deserved the reputation for courage which Kipling gave them. Once started on a fighting charge, only death could stop them. . . . We went out from Port Sudan to a spot on the edge of the hills

some twenty miles away. The chief had promised that a hundred of his men of the Amarar tribe, always friendly to the British, even in Dervish times, would come in. Instead of 100, more than 500 rode in. They were as fine-looking a crowd of fighters as I have ever seen. Every man was mounted on a camel; nearly every one carried a cross-hilted Crusader sword." The visitors were preparing Sudan scenes for a film of "The Four Feathers."

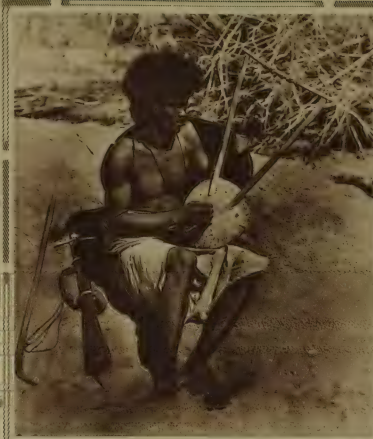
"FUZZY-WUZZY" UNDER THE UNION JACK FORMS—NOT BREAKS—A BRITISH SQUARE.



AN AMMAR SWORD-DANCE THAT RESEMBLES A DUEL, IN A RING OF SEATED WARRIORS: A VIOLENT PERFORMANCE IN WHICH TWO MEN LEAP UP AND DOWN AND CUT AT EACH OTHER, BUT ARE CAREFUL TO MISS.



"AS A RULE, ONLY THE YOUNG MEN WEAR THESE HEAVY MOPS OF HAIR": A TYPICAL AMMAR WARRIOR, WITH SWORD AND SHIELD.



"FUZZY-WUZZY" AS A MUSICIAN: A TRIBAL BARD PLAYING A STRINGED INSTRUMENT OF THE KIND COMMON AMONG THE AMMAR.

TWO FIGHTING TRIBES THAT APPEARED IN THE FILM OF "THE FOUR FEATHERS."



WITH SWORDS OF A STRAIGHT-BLADED, CROSS-HILTED TYPE. HANDED DOWN FROM THE CRUSADES: A GROUP OF AMMAR WARRIORS, WHO HAVE A SPECIAL TECHNIQUE IN DELIVERING A SWORD BLOW.



"HERE'S TO YOU, FUZZY-WUZZY, WITH YOUR 'AVRICK LEAD OF HAIR'": AN AMMAR TRIBESMAN WITH MOP OF HAIR SOAKED IN SHEEP-FAT AND A BONE PIN FOR SCRATCHING PURPOSES.



THE TYPE OF "FUZZY-WUZZIES" WHOSE CHARGE "BROKE A BRITISH SQUARE": AMMAR TRIBESMEN, STRIPPED TO THE WAIST AS FOR BATTLE, GIVING A DEMONSTRATION OF THEIR PROWESS TO AMERICAN VISITORS.



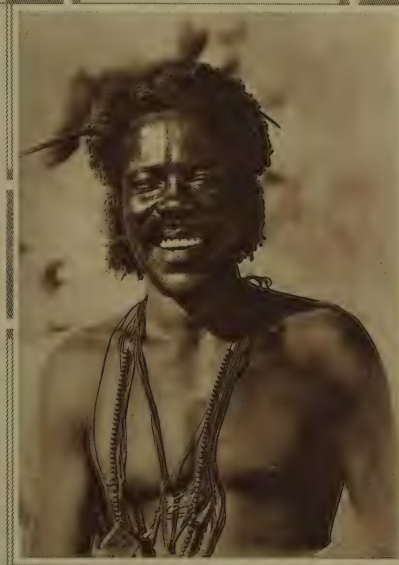
THE TYPE OF "BRITISH SQUARE" WHICH THE "FUZZY-WUZZIES" BROKE, AND NOW HELP TO FORM: A COMPANY OF THE CAMEL CORPS, IN BATTLE POSITION IN THE KORDOFAN PROVINCE OF THE SUDAN.



AN AMMAR WARRIOR SHARPENING HIS SWORD ON A STONE: A MEMBER OF A TRIBE WHO KEEP THEIR WEAPONS SO SHARP THAT THEY OFTEN WEAR THROUGH THE SCABBARD.



A "TABLE-CLOTH" FOR A CAMEL: AN AMMAR TRIBESMAN'S MOUNT FEEDING FROM A CLOTH SPREAD ON THE GROUND, TO PREVENT THE ANIMAL FROM SCATTERING THE GRAIN ALL OVER THE PLACE.



A "HAPPY WARRIOR" OF THE AMMAR TRIBE: A GENIAL TYPE OF THE "FUZZY-WUZZY" WHOM KIPLING HAS CALLED "A FIRST-CLASS FIGHTING MAN," WITH A LONG HAIRPIN-SCRATCHER IN HIS HAIR.

The above photographs were taken in the Sudan during an expedition by a party of Americans—Colonel Merian C. Cooper, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest B. Schoedsack—who at the same time obtained material for the film of A. E. W. Mason's story, "The Four Feathers," recently released by the Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation. Col. Cooper describes their experiences in an article entitled "Two Fighting Tribes of the Sudan," contributed to the "National Geographic Magazine." The visitors were greatly impressed by the reign of law and order maintained in this vast region by a handful of lonely British administrators, supported by native troops. Little more than thirty years ago, Col. Cooper recalls: "Behind the Khalifa rode the great fighting tribes of the Sudan, men almost unequalled for sheer brute fighting courage; almost unequalled for savagery also; for they made a shambles of the Sudan. In the seventeen years from 1882 to 1899 more than six million people are said to have been the victims of dervish rule. . . . The millions of wild men who inhabit this great, savage Sudan (continues the Colonel) are ruled to-day by a few score of young Englishmen, alone and

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNEST B. SCHOEDSACK. BY COURTESY OF

freedom from petty sulkiness. Thus were the Messeria. It was hard to believe that all of the middle-aged and older men who were treating us with so much courtesy had been noted savage warriors of the dervish empire, killers and slave raiders." An incident of the American party's visit to the Ammar tribe is also illustrated and described on page 1105 of this number. THE "NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE" (WASHINGTON).

practically unprotected. How do they manage it? I thought: First came Kitchener's great march—the complete defeat of the dervish army near Omdurman. Then, after this, came the British administrators. Courage, unshaken belief in their race and their cause, and rigid, absolute, unswerving, impeccable justice have given them this mastery over the warlike and still fanatically religious tribes. . . . We visited first the Messeria, one of the nomad 'horse tribes' of the Western Sudan, and afterwards the Ammar, one of the three 'camel tribes' of the Red Sea Hills, immortalized by Kipling as the 'Fuzzy-Wuzzies.' . . . Among such tribes we have always found fine hospitality, a keen sense of humour, and freedom from petty sulkiness. Thus were the Messeria. It was hard to believe that all of the middle-aged and older men who were treating us with so much courtesy had been noted savage warriors of the dervish empire, killers and slave raiders." An incident of the American party's visit to the Ammar tribe is also illustrated and described on page 1105 of this number.

GOLD, AMERICA, AND EUROPE.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

THE only new factor in the history of the world during the financial crisis by which the United States have been overtaken in the last few months is afforded by its proportion. The fever of speculation succeeded by a long depression is a kind of incurable malady of our civilisation. Despite the treatment of moralists, economists, and legislators, the accesses of fever repeat themselves continually with the same characteristics. They only vary in intensity. The fit which has put America into her present condition has been the most gigantic the world has ever seen. The fever of speculation is an illness belonging to prosperity; it is when affairs are going well that men become optimistic to the extent of foolhardiness, and end by believing that things will always go better and better. The present crisis is the result of the prosperity which the United States enjoyed as a consequence of the World War, which caused so many riches of the Old World to cross the Atlantic.

A few figures with regard to the gold reserves, taken from the "Statesman's Year-Book," may give some idea of this huge displacement of riches. What, in fact, were, in 1913, the gold reserves which the United States banks and the principal European States had at their disposal? Before the war, the United States possessed a gold reserve which amounted to 396 millions of pounds sterling; France had 294 millions; England, 244 millions; Germany, 209 millions; Italy, 70 millions. In 1928, the gold reserve of the United States had doubled: 869 millions. Those of the European States had diminished. France has now only 263 millions; England, 183; Germany, 139; and Italy, 55. Part of the money which Europe had accumulated in the course of twenty-five centuries passed over to America during the World War. The reason for this is not difficult to explain. During the war, Europe bought a great deal from America, because all the industrial undertakings which were not working for the war were paralysed. She could only pay in merchandise for a part of what she bought. She paid the rest either with the credits which she then possessed in America, or by making debts, or by sending gold.

Gold is not riches, as was believed at certain times; but, in a civilisation which is wealthy and active, it is one kind of riches, and the most convenient and supple kind, because it can be exchanged with all other kinds of riches. That is its rôle as coinage. In a country as active and, naturally, also, as rich as North America, such a rapid increase in the coinage which was in circulation was a prodigious stimulant to activity. Everyone—workmen, merchants, industrialists, proprietors, doctors, lawyers, etc.—earned more. These easy gains urged people to consume more; increased consumption stimulated production; all industries developed marvellously. Excited by prosperity, the country dreamed that riches would multiply with accelerated rapidity, and they began to speculate almost entirely on a rise, until the final crash. The United States are not

ruined, as is supposed in certain circles; they have only ceased to think themselves richer than they were. Perhaps, after having thought themselves for a certain time richer than they were, they will believe themselves to be poorer than they really are. But the illusion of fictitious poverty cannot last longer than that of imaginary riches. The Americans will end by realising the reality of their position, which is sufficiently great and brilliant to enable them to live very comfortably.

But if the situation of the United States, in the midst of the ruins accumulated by the crisis, is clear enough, the same cannot be said of Europe. Compared to America, beaten down for a moment by its access of fever, Europe appears to be gnawed by an obscure internal malady, which is also caused by gold. We are not surprised to read in the statistics that during the years 1915, 1916, and 1917, the imports of gold to the United States surpassed the

merchandise. Europe continued to contract debts in America in order to live! The Western world seems to be in an unbalanced condition. On the one hand, the gold scarcity which was for Europe a consequence of the Great War does not seem on the whole to diminish; on the contrary, in certain countries it increases. On the other hand, there is a superabundance of gold in the United States, a kind of inflation. Gold is too dear in Europe and too cheap in America. While the rarity of coin in Europe discourages initiative and paralyses business, in America the very abundance of gold has encouraged the most foolhardy speculations.

In order to re-establish the balance between the two continents, to level the price, to calm the fever of speculation in America, and to warm up Europe's chilled body a little, it would be necessary to bring back to Europe a fraction of the gold which has emigrated to America during the last fifteen years. That movement does not yet seem to have begun. Can we hope that it may begin soon? Europe buys from the United States primary materials and manufactured articles in enormous quantities—cereals, cotton, tobacco, petrol, copper, wood, silver, machines, and chemical productions. Without these importations Europe could neither feed nor dress herself, nor house the population which teems in certain parts of her overpopulated territory. She has to pay back to the United States the interest on the loans contracted during the last years. It would be difficult to calculate exactly the amount of these loans; but there is, alas! no doubt that it is appalling. Germany alone, according to the Dawes plan, has debts which total up to about ten milliards of marks, at an interest which is never less than six per cent., and two-thirds of these loans have been placed in America. We must finally add to this the payments which are annually made by England, France, Italy, Belgium, Germany, and the other European belligerent nations to the Treasury in Washington for their war debts.

The total is a formidable one. How can Europe make these payments? As an asset, we have the sums which

Americans annually spend in Europe. They are very considerable, and will continue to be so, even if the present crisis should lessen them again next year. There are the indirect resources of emigration. In spite of the restrictive laws, the United States are still peopled by a very considerable number of men and women who were born in Europe and still remember their native countries. There is, finally, the export of manufactured articles. . . . The credits, without having entirely disappeared, no longer enjoy their former importance. Can these assets and liabilities ever balance? They ought to balance themselves by the natural play of economic forces if they were allowed a free hand. That play is, besides, fairly simple. Supposing that the liabilities of Europe surpass her assets for a few years—

what will happen? Europe must make up for the difference by sending part of her gold to America. Gold will become more rare (that is to say, dearer) in Europe, and more abundant and cheaper in the United States of America; the price of all articles of merchandise would go down in Europe and would go up in America; it will, therefore, be to the advantage of the Americans to buy in Europe. The exports from Europe to the United States will increase, and bring back the gold to Europe, until the moment is reached when the balance of prices is re-established.

That would, theoretically, be the natural play of economic forces. Unfortunately, in reality, that play of forces is troubled by a new factor—American Protection. It is known that every lowering of prices in Europe corresponds

(Continued on page 1122.)



THE PROPOSED GREAT MONUMENT TO SIMON BOLIVAR
THE LIBERTADOR: THE WINNING DESIGN.

The model here reproduced has won the prize of two million francs offered for the best design for a statue of Simon Bolívar, to be erected in Quito, Ecuador. It is the work of five Frenchmen—the sculptors Jaques Zwobada, and René Letourneur, and the architects Felix Brunau, René Marouzeau, and Louis Emile Galey. As to Bolívar, one may quote from the "Britannica": "(1783-1830), soldier and statesman, leader of the revolutions which resulted in the independence from Spain of what are now Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Panama, Peru, and Bolivia. . . . Officially invested with the title of *Libertador* by the Congresses of all the above countries. . . . Bolívar's life presents one of history's most colossal personal canvases of adventure and tragedy, glory and defeat."

exports by more than a milliard of dollars. During those terrible years Europe emptied her treasures into America in order to have arms, provisions, and primary materials. But, the war once finished, one might have expected an inversion of the movement; Europe ought gradually to have regained possession of her gold in exchange for merchandise. Nothing of the kind occurred. During the three years 1918, 1919, and 1920, the United States seemed to be giving back their gold, for during those three years they exported gold to the value of 400 millions of dollars more than they imported it. But in 1921 the draining back of the precious metal towards the United States began. Between 1921 and 1928 there were only two years in which the United States exported more gold than they imported; in 1921 a sum representing rather more than a million dollars, and in 1928 a sum which almost reached the figure of 500 millions of dollars.

What is surprising in these statistics is that the eight years between 1921 and 1928 are the period when the great loans made by the United States to Europe took place. All these loans seem to have brought very little gold back into Europe, which signifies that they were made either to extinguish other debts, and were merely a paper game, or that they were made by America under the guise of



THE PROPOSED SIMON BOLIVAR MONUMENT: THE DESIGN
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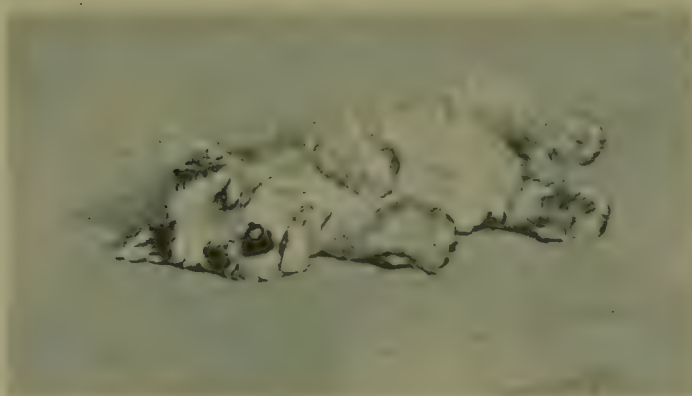
This was submitted by Professor Antonio Sciortino, Director of the British Academy of Fine Arts, Rome, who was born in Malta in 1883.

A FAMOUS ANIMAL-ARTIST'S NEW PHASE: CECIL ALDIN AS ETCHER.

ETCHINGS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE.

Mr. Cecil Aldin, the famous animal-artist, whose work in oils, pastel, water-colour, and black-and-white has attained world-wide celebrity, has lately adopted a medium that is new to him—that of etching—and he has mastered the technique with extraordinary skill and facility. We reproduce on this page the first six plates of his etchings, which have just been published by Messrs.

[Continued in Box 2.]



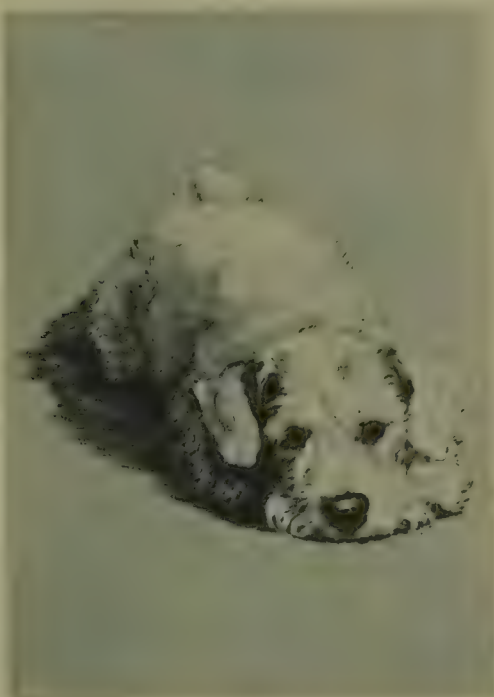
"AFTER DINNER": AN ETCHING BY CECIL ALDIN.
(ORIGINAL SIZE, 8½ BY 4½ IN.)

Eyre and Spottiswoode in the sizes indicated against the titles. The edition is limited to 150 copies of each plate, numbered and signed by the artist, and the price of each copy is two guineas. The quality of these etchings has evoked high praise from critics who have seen them. Readers of "The Illustrated London News" will be especially interested in this new development of

[Continued below.]



"THE BEGGAR." (6½ BY 4½ IN.)



"A SEALYHAM PUPPY." (6 BY 4½ IN.)



"A DALMATIAN PUPPY." (6 BY 4½ IN.)



THE ARTIST AND TWO OF HIS "MODELS": MR. CECIL ALDIN WITH HIS FAVOURITE DOGS, MICKEY, THE IRISH WOLFHOUND, AND CRACKER, THE BULL-TERRIER, ASLEEP (OR POSING?) IN THE STUDIO.



"WHO SAID 'RATS'?" (6½ BY 4½ IN.)



"A BUNCH OF MISCHIEF." (6½ BY 5 IN.)

Continued.]

his inimitable art, for they will remember the series of his dog-studies which have this year been reproduced in colour in our pages, under the title of "Our Dogs: Leaves from Cecil Aldin's Sketch-Book." We may also remind them of the delightful colour-plate from the same hand given with our Christmas Number, entitled, "For What We are About to Receive," as well as the front page (also in colour), which resembles in subject the above etching called "Who

said 'Rats'?" but in our picture bears the title, "The New Frock for a Cold Christmas." The two dogs, Mickey and Cracker, shown with Mr. Aldin in the photograph, figure prominently in his entertaining book, "Dogs of Character." He is well known as an illustrator of such works as "Handley Cross," "Pickwick," and Kipling's Jungle stories. At one time, it may be recalled, he was M.F.H. of the South Berkshire Foxhounds.

A HAILSTORM OF LOCUSTS: THE VISITATION BY THE BROWN ARMIES.

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UNITS OF THE "PLAGUE" RESTING IN THE SUN AND AVOIDING THE BANDS OF SHADOW: LOCUSTS ON A ROOF IN SIMLA, WHICH THE SWARM DARKENED AS EFFECTIVELY AS ANY THUNDER-CLOUD.



A "WHITE CLOUD" OF MILLIONS OF PARTICLES: THE LOCUSTS RISING FROM THE VALLEY WITH THE SUN REFLECTED ON THEIR WINGS AND ADVANCING IN MASSED FORMATION, TO SETTLE DOWN TO FORAGE IN THEIR OCCUPIED TERRITORY.

October, we quote the following from a most interesting article sent to the "Times" by its correspondent at that place. "One moment the hotel dining-room was coldly white in the late October sunshine. The next, it was darkened as by a sudden thunder-cloud. There was no advance guard; the main flight of locusts was upon us before we knew, and came sweeping past the windows like a dull-brown hailstorm. . . . Out in front of the hotel, the road was a remarkable sight. As the locusts flew low, they seemed to grow confused and, instead of sweeping onward in the purposeful drive of the first invasion, they fluttered aimlessly in diminishing spirals. The few passers-by in the roadway bent their heads and fought their way through the cloud. The locust is harmless enough to man, but when he is travelling fast he is not a pleasant beast to hit you in the eye. . . . Up in 'The Mall' and along the bazaars it was more like a hailstorm than ever, for the big insects came beating down on the iron roofs with a noise like

[Continued below.]

Concerning our photographs of the visitation by locusts which plagued Simla in



"SWEEPING PAST THE WINDOWS LIKE A DULL BROWN HAILSTORM": THE LOCUSTS CROSSING FROM THE JAKO AND "ATTACKING" THE CECIL HOTEL—SHOWING, IN THE FOREGROUND, AN IRON ROOF WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN COVERED BUT FOR MISSILE-THROWING.



LIKE HAIL OR A FALL OF SNOWFLAKES: LOCUSTS, THEIR WINGS GLITTERING IN THE SUBDUED SUNSHINE, SEEKING RESTING-PLACES IN SIMLA DURING THE VISITATION.

hung over the trees, blotting out the hills. It was only when the cloud disintegrated into millions of particles that you found that it was no cloud at all, but the sun reflected on the wings of the column. That evening, as you backed down to Annandale, the tree-tops below you had lost their deep green majesty. One and all, they had taken on the reddish-brown tint of autumn, and you had to look hard to realise that here was no change of season, but an army of millions and millions settling down to forage in their occupied territory. Every branch was crawling with locusts, and they swarmed on each other in a kicking, tangled mass that for an absurd moment brought back memories of lobster-pots at Warsash on the Hamble. . . . Not only up here in the hills, but in many other parts of India, the plague of locusts has hit the peasant as hard as it hit ancient Egypt. In the western districts of the United Provinces, for instance, crop after crop has been eaten to the bare stalks, and even wells have been choked by the pest."

[Continued.]

bullets. Two and three deep they lay on the pavement and in the doorways. The shopkeepers, chattering shrill commiseration at each other, began to sweep the invaders out. But it was no use: shelves and counters were soon captured by the enemy; and the man who keeps the little grocery store, and the man who sells Persian carpets, and the man who cuts you such notable Jodhpurs, all cried 'Ah-ee, ah-ee!' together, put up their shutters and called it a day. Far down in the valley below 'Gorton Castle,' the red-roofed Secretariat, a white cloud

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I dubbed him my Hero divinely romantic,
 And passed him a lozenge to suck
 As, hoarse from appealing to crowds without feeling,
 He stammered and finally stuck;
 I decked out the car with his bonny blue Favour,
 I worshipped his Statesmanlike air—
 But since his election I note with dejection
 The man has behaved like a bear!

Why didn't he ask me to tea on the Terrace?
 Or answer my nice little notes?
 I slaved for him nightly, and canvassed so brightly
 I captured him bushels of Votes.
 Oh, how could he call me his "Dear little Helper"
 And leave me to pine in neglect?
 A fig for his Colours—I'll turn to Abdulla,
 The smoke that all Flappers elect.

F. R. HOLMES.

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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: ENGLISH SILVER CANDLESTICKS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



IT is admittedly dangerous to judge a man by the cut of his coat or the contents of his house. People of the highest character and genuine distinction have been known to despise good tailors and to

furnishings of the average house can be no less potent in their power of evoking a swift and superficial impression of their original owners. Take Candlesticks, for example—small, useful, lending themselves easily to decorative treatment, simple necessities of life—they can be as illuminating in this sense of the word as cathedrals. Greenwich and St. Paul's are most important documents, from which one can obtain a very good idea of the age in which they were built. But a no less accurate notion of the character of the times can be obtained from the pair of Charles II. candlesticks shown in Fig. 1.

Could these have been produced under the Commonwealth, when a severe simplicity was all that was possible? They could not. They are the product of a time when silverware, by a natural reaction from the preceding decade or so, could not be too rich or luxurious for the taste of its owners.

With Fig. 3, a pair from the reign of William and Mary, we are in a changing world. They are fine things, classical in spirit, yet heavy and substantial in comparison with a later pair to be noticed further on. Is it fanciful to see in them something of the patient temper typified by Dutch William?

An entirely different spirit seems to have been responsible for the two candlesticks in Fig. 4. Here is the reaction against the rather extravagant tendency of the previous half-century in full force. Incidentally, they typify very well the great change that came over the silver trade with the accession of Queen Anne. It is absurd, of course, to endeavour to give a definite date to social customs that spread only very gradually, but it is true that, with the turn of the century, the consumption of tea, coffee, and chocolate, which had been increasing steadily for fifty years, gave a new impetus to the silversmith's business, and turned him away from grandiose decoration to quieter themes. All Queen Anne domestic silver is characterised by good proportion and plain surfaces, and candlesticks, no less than teacups, followed the prevailing fashion. Whatever one's personal tastes, it is impossible not to admire the elegance and symmetry of these two examples of the period. No craftsman ever grasped more firmly the principle that a plain, unadorned surface reflects light far better than one elaborately chased.

Naturally, fashion changed, as fashion must and always will, and once again simplicity grew less simplified. All the same, the pair in Fig. 2 (about 1740) are sober enough, and avoid entirely the over-decoration which was the besetting sin of even the most competent workers from about 1725 onwards.

This pair marks a sort of transition between this rococo fashion (of which Paul Lamerie was the greatest and most accomplished exponent) and the full flood of classical influences which may be said to dominate the whole of the first forty years of the reign of George III. The charm of Fig. 5 is undeniable. What fine proportions! What beautiful workmanship! Yet why should the silversmith be so barren of ideas that he must reproduce in miniature a two-thousand-year old stone or marble original? It doesn't matter, of course. They are delightful things, whatever their origin, and it is rather absurd to

demand from good sound craftsmen the fertile imagination of a great artist. Besides, the demand for classical designs was there, and was consequently met.

Nor was the interest in Greek and Roman ornament confined to England. Pompeii had only recently been excavated, and all cultured Europe was thrilled by the great quantities of vases and sculpture which had been recovered. Furniture-makers in both France and England were profoundly affected by the new enthusiasm for the past. The Adam brothers, learned, business-like and indefatigable, designed houses and furniture that breathed the spirit of the classics and yet were marvellously adapted to the requirements of the age. Josiah Wedgwood followed suit in the potteries, and cabinet-makers everywhere provided chairs and side-

boards to harmonise with the new style. How can we expect the silver of this period to be different? It is of very high quality, and very delicate in both style and finish. There is nothing affected about it, and there is no attempt to

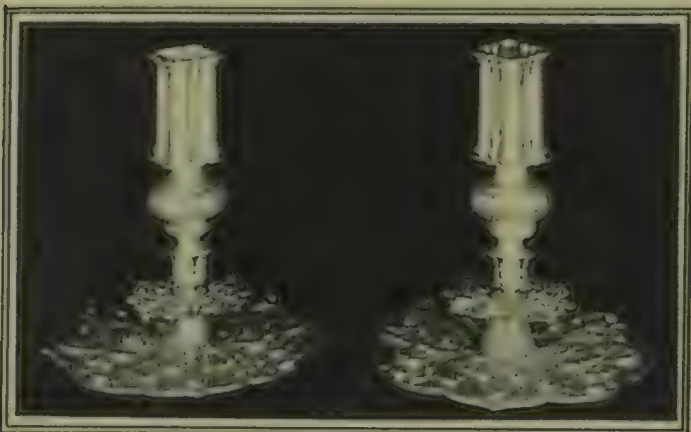


FIG. 1. TYPICAL OF THE CHANGE FROM COMMONWEALTH SEVERITY TO RESTORATION LUXURY: A PAIR OF CHARLES II. CANDLESTICKS.

be completely blind to their surroundings. Yet, if one should not generalise about the individual man from his environment, it is at least permissible to come to some sort of a conclusion about the character



FIG. 3. CLASSICAL IN SPIRIT, BUT HAVING THE HEAVY SOLIDITY OF THEIR PERIOD: A PAIR OF WILLIAM AND MARY CANDLESTICKS.

of a particular age from the material things that are left to us. The aspect of sixteenth-century Venice is almost as well known to the modern Englishman as the aspect of twentieth-century Manhattan, and one inevitably registers a mental impression of the inhabitants of each place as soon as the eye has taken in the broad outlines of their buildings. This impression may be inaccurate, but it is none the less vivid, and many a traveller has passed on hurriedly from some ill-favoured town before troubling to find out whether kind hearts can possibly beat behind so forbidding a façade.

If architecture can have this effect upon the average eye, those smaller and more intimate externals which make up the



FIG. 5. REPRESENTING THE CLASSICAL INFLUENCE PREVALENT IN ALL THE ARTS OF THE PERIOD: A PAIR OF CANDLESTICKS OF ABOUT 1760.



FIG. 2. MARKING A TRANSITION BETWEEN PAUL LAMERIE'S ROCOCO STYLE AND GEORGIAN CLASSICISM: A PAIR OF CANDLESTICKS DATING FROM ABOUT 1740.



FIG. 4. SHOWING A REACTION TOWARDS AN ELEGANT SIMPLICITY IN KEEPING WITH SILVER TEA SERVICES: A PAIR OF QUEEN ANNE CANDLESTICKS.

All Photographs on this Page by Courtesy of Mr. Walter H. Willson.

smother fine line and slender columns with extravagant ornament.

While speaking of these silver candlesticks, it may be of interest to mention the popularity of this type among manufacturers of Sheffield plate. Plated candlesticks were made in great quantities, and nearly all were adaptations of one of the five orders of architecture, like these silver examples.



FIG. 6. ANOTHER SWING OF THE PENDULUM BACK TO A FLAMBOYANT STYLE: CANDLESTICKS OF THE TIME OF GEORGE IV.

Fig. 6 (c. 1820) shows the pendulum swinging back again. These are very fine things of their kind, and of great technical accomplishment, but not everyone will admire their rather restless swirls and protuberances. Yet their very flamboyance is a neat commentary upon the reign of George IV.

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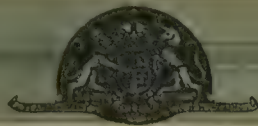
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NEW YEAR FESTIVITIES.

By Jessie J. Williams, M.C.A.

PERHAPS the very jolliest time of the whole year lies between Christmas and New Year, and in this country we are beginning to make it more a time for family calls and festivities, and less a time of *réchauffé* Christmas cookery, and a stale feeling of gaiety past and over. A successful luncheon is not necessarily an expensive one, and amongst the first-course dishes for this meal eggs offer many possibilities. Few people in this country know how delicious are eggs cooked in the Portuguese way. Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, and season this with salt and pepper. Melt some butter in a frying-pan, and, when hot, put in the whisked whites and fry lightly, without turning. Slip the yolks of the eggs—unbroken—on top, and over them pour a few spoonfuls of cream. Put the pan in the oven until the yolks are set, and then serve on hot buttered toast.

Greatly appreciated after a dance or a theatre is a cup of good soup. A delicious variety is made in this way, and is a novelty that will be enjoyed on a cold evening. Peel and then mince three firm shallots, and fry them a golden-brown colour in one ounce of butter. Let this be done slowly, stirring occasionally, and being careful to prevent them burning. Add one tablespoonful of flour, cook this slowly for five minutes, and then add a quart of stock or broth. Season with salt and white pepper, and put in any chicken or beef-bones available. Cover the pan and cook slowly for an hour; then strain the soup, removing any fat from the top, and return it to the saucepan. Bring it almost to boiling point; stir in the whisked whites of two eggs, and, when well mixed and perfectly hot—without really boiling—serve it in soup-cups, with tiny rolls made with Hovis flour.

The taste for savoury dishes has grown considerably of late years, and this dish, so popular in Rhode Island, is easily made when lobsters are available. Remove the meat of the lobster from the shell, and cut it into small pieces. Now cream together one ounce of butter with what is known as the liver of the lobster, and then stir in two heaping

chafing-dish" or one of its modern relations, a convenient little table-cooker. Many delightful dishes—sweet as well as savoury—may be served in this manner. Here is a digestible way of serving bananas. Peel off a strip of skin from each banana used, and put the partly skinned fruit into the chafing-dish with a tablespoonful of milk and a sprinkling of sugar. Heat them until the skins are brown and the fruit soft and pulpy. Then remove the skins, add more sugar, basting the bananas with the liquid, and, when very hot, serve on sponge-cake fingers.

Sweetmeats play a part in most festivities held between Christmas and New Year, and excellent bon-bons, easily made at home, never fail to win appreciation. Pieces of oranges, cherries, grapes, prunes, figs, and candied peel, walnuts, almonds, and Brazil nuts are all easy to glacé. Almonds for this purpose must be blanched as well as shelled, and then thoroughly dried in a cool oven. Walnuts and chestnuts must be skinned and the former separated into halves. Oranges should be quartered and freed from all pith, figs cut into pieces, and grapes left with a little on the stem. With the fruits and nuts in readiness, make a syrup, using two teacupfuls of granulated sugar to one teacupful of water. Stir these in a saucepan over the fire until the sugar is dissolved, then

add a pinch of cream of tartar, and—without stirring or shaking the pan—boil the contents until, when a little is dropped into cold water, it becomes brittle. Dip each fruit or nut, one at a time, into the hot syrup, being careful to cover them completely. Then lay them on an oiled tin to dry, and put them in a cool place to harden. If at the first dipping the fruits and nuts do not take the glacé sufficiently, the operation may be repeated. Put each one into a crimped paper case, and keep them in air-tight tins until wanted.

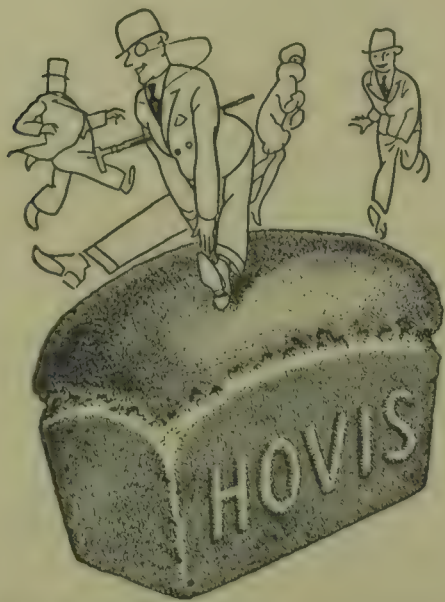


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tablespoonfuls of finely-crushed crumbs made from plain biscuits, or the same quantity of very dry bread-crumbs. Put half a pint of milk and two shallots into a saucepan and bring them to the boil; put in the creamed butter, etc., the lobster-meat, and salt and pepper to taste. Let the mixture simmer very slowly for about eight minutes; then remove the shallot and serve the lobster in individual dishes.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN OPERA.

WE are going to have a festival of opera at the Scala Theatre, commencing on Dec. 30 next, which will be of unusual character. It originates with the Oxford Opera Club, founded by Mr. Robert Stuart, which is an enterprising body of young musical undergraduates and graduates and music lovers who have already some remarkable achievements to their credit. They were responsible for the first performance in Oxford of Monteverde's opera, "Orpheus," which was a musical event of first-rate importance, and now they are going to give a season in London of operas which the present generation is almost entirely ignorant of.

The programme announced includes the revival of Monteverde's "Orpheus," a work of extraordinary beauty, which was composed about 1607, and first produced at Mantua. This opera was first published in Venice in 1609, but there have been modern editions by Vincent d'Indy and others. Almost contemporary with this opera is an English opera, "Cupid and Death," composed by Matthew Locke and Christopher Gibbons and performed in 1653. As will be noticed, this was before the Restoration and during the Commonwealth, and it may be a surprise to many to learn that an opera was publicly performed in England at that time. However, just as during the nineteenth century our pious ancestors got over the difficulty of giving concerts by describing them as concerts of "sacred music," so during the Commonwealth "Cupid and Death" was performed not as an opera, but as a "moral entertainment," and honour was satisfied.

Actually the word opera is not usually applied to these early English operas, because they were masques set to music, and the music was not continuous, but was confined to particular scenes and characters, much of the masque being in spoken verse. "Cupid and Death" was a masque written by Shirley, and all our early English operas were masques or plays set to music. Purcell's most famous works—with the exception of "Dido and Aeneas," in which recitative is used and there are no spoken scenes—are all of this kind. Such are "The Fairy Queen," "King Arthur," "The Tempest," and "The Indian Queen." Some of these have never been performed in recent times, but a performance at Cambridge University of "King Arthur" proved to my own

satisfaction that these masques with music are an extraordinarily fine and original form, peculiarly suitable to the English genius, and are by no means to be regarded as incomplete and inferior forms of opera.

In Grove's Dictionary, M. Romain Rolland, the French critic, is quoted as saying of Purcell that: "*Presque partout il resta incomplet; il ne chercha pas à briser les dernières barrières qui le séparaient de la perfection.*" Grove's comment is: "The general truth of this must be admitted"; but that it does not apply to "Dido." But if M. Romain Rolland's statement is interpreted correctly, and he really means that Purcell was generally imperfect because all but one of his operas were incompletely set to music, I disagree emphatically. I deny the right of any critic to define the exact character of opera, and set arbitrary limitations as to what is or is not opera. Moreover, this purely quantitative test seems to me to be quite the silliest that could be invented. Why should every word of an opera be set to music? There is no heaven-given law about this. Besides, why stop at the division between recitative and aria? Why not insist on the whole opera being *durch-componiert* into one continuous organic piece of orchestration with voices treated as instruments? Isn't this the very "reform" upon which Wagner exhausted so many bottles of ink?—and we have just begun to be satisfied that this so-called "reform" was at best a mere illusion. In my opinion it was worse than that; it was a sign of degeneration, of a temporary misconception of the very nature of art, which is always dependent upon conventions of its own choosing, and when these conventions are abandoned for a so-called realism we are in a debased period.

The whole of Wagnerian opera is, in my opinion, a debased form, and there are already many musicians who share my opinion on this point. And the general public, though still under the spell of Wagner's magic, would quickly discover what a boring and senseless formula this continuous orchestration of an unbroken melodic recitative is, if it had to listen to all the dreary operas that have been written under Wagner's influence since his time. How much more rational, more natural, more suitable to the essential nature of music, is the old English practice of reserving the use of music to heighten the effect at certain moments, and for certain scenes! Matthew Locke and Purcell, in collaboration with English poets such

as Shirley and Dryden, did not think it was their duty as conscientious musicians to set every phrase uttered to music. They were incapable of the absurdity of Puccini, for example, who in "Madame Butterfly" has to make his hero sing when he asks for a whisky-and-soda, owing to this ridiculous modern theory that in an opera everybody must sing from beginning to end. Our English opera composers, on the contrary, used music for lyrical or supernatural scenes, which naturally lend themselves to musical treatment. And nobody who saw the production of Purcell and Dryden's "King Arthur" at Cambridge could ever forget the extraordinary impressiveness of the Frost scene, and this impressiveness was due entirely to the fact that the music was reserved until it was really needed, and that Purcell had then seized his opportunity with the insight of genius.

I am far from wishing to prescribe what is or is not suitable for musical representation. I believe that comic, satirical, farcical, ironic and didactic scenes are just as suitable for musical setting as lyrical or supernatural scenes. Every composer of real talent will have a particular bias, and will be able to do some things better than others. What I am supporting is the older idea of opera as a play or masque set to music in which there may be whole scenes or parts of scenes without any music at all. And I am in favour of this conception of opera because it offers more scope and variety, and gives the dramatic element a place of equal importance with the musical. As it is, in modern opera the dramatic element has sunk into insignificance. Instead of poets and great writers such as Dryden writing the texts for operas, we get them written by mere hack librettists, whose productions are often such rubbish that they would not be tolerated if they were heard and understood. However, the Wagnerian school of opera-composing did away with the necessity of an intelligible and poetic text. Wagner's texts are in the original the feeblest kind of poeticising, long-winded and repetitive to a degree compelled by the musical rhythm. This is absolutely opposed to the classical principle which held that the music should follow and give emphasis and colour to the text. In Wagner the text (although written first) was written to the music, since it was written by Wagner himself to fit his own musical style, and it is probable that he had his musical rhythms already in his mind when writing his verses.

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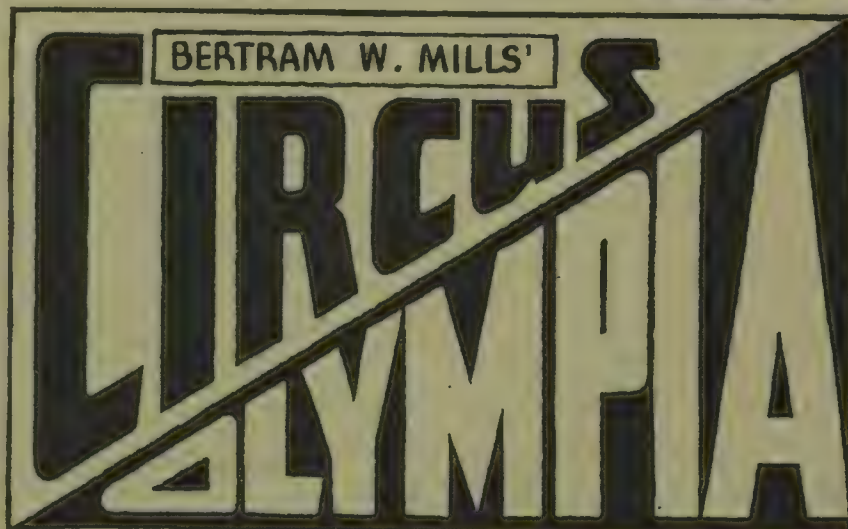
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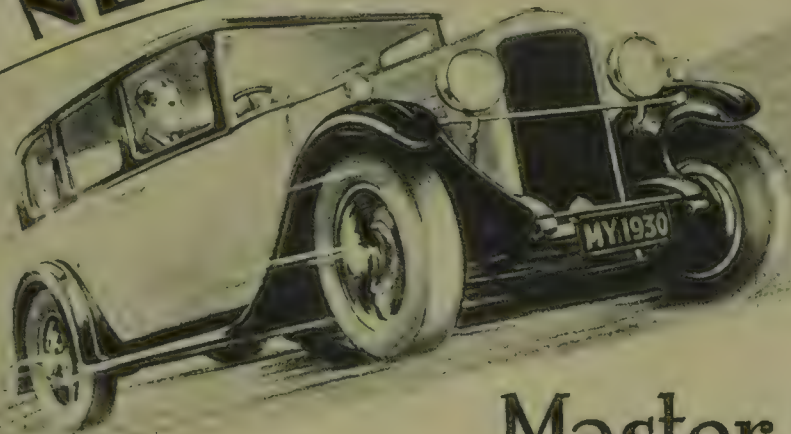
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pages illustrated in colour, giving a good idea of the beauty of the jewelled and enamelled gifts. It will be sent post free to all readers of this paper, and also constitutes an invitation to visit these salons and inspect them for themselves. There are possibilities ranging from beautiful jewellery costing many hundreds of pounds, to small, decorative and useful articles obtainable for a pound or two.

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A few fine pieces reached these shores in Elizabethan times—there is, for example, the well-known Warham Cup at Oxford—but all these were of a type made specially to cater for Mohammedan countries in the East—that is, they were mostly celadon or blue and white. It was not until the seventeenth century that there was any regular exportation to Europe. This trade was for many years in the hands of the Dutch, who seem to have been attracted almost exclusively to blue and white. So fashionable did this ware become in Holland that the Delft potters gave up their customary bright colourings, and did an enormous business in imitation of the new and wonderful porcelain. It must be remembered that nearly all the pieces exported from China at this time and during the eighteenth century were manufactured specially for the European market. Many, of course, were of high quality, but, on the whole, it is not unreasonable to say that the very best examples remained in China. Rightly or wrongly, European taste in general was considered to appreciate only the imposing, both in size and decoration. The smaller and more refined specimens remained in the jealously-guarded cabinets of the native connoisseur, and it is only in quite recent years that the West has realised what miracles of art the Chinese genius has produced.

It is odd now to look back upon ourselves and nearly all the rest of Europe (except France) regarding anything Chinese as merely funny and outlandish. This we certainly did during the eighteenth century and well into the nineteenth. People did not buy fine porcelain, but technically excellent little porcelain jokes. A vase would be admired because a funny little man was painted on it, not because it was beautiful in form and colouring. Judged from this angle, one must admit that the eighteenth-century Frenchman was the most civilised being in Europe,



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for he, almost alone among his contemporaries, bought the lovely celadon, turquoise, and other single-coloured glazes. We now consider the vogue for decorating these pieces with additions of chased ormolu—covers, handles, and stands—as rather in the nature of gilding the lily, but at least it shows a serious appreciation of something fine if you allow your greatest craftsmen to adorn something already beautiful with their own particular ornament.

There are still survivors of the vogue for blue and white; perhaps it was more than a vogue—a genuine revival, with Whistler and Rossetti as prophets. Then came great collectors, such as the late Mr. Salting, whose wide knowledge and taste is immortalised in the magnificent pieces at South Kensington. The last thirty years have revealed the treasures of the classic periods of China. They have been a revelation to European eyes. Masterpieces of pottery from centuries that were considered almost legendary, and of a vigour and quality that were unsuspected, have caused the history of Chinese Ceramics to be completely rewritten.

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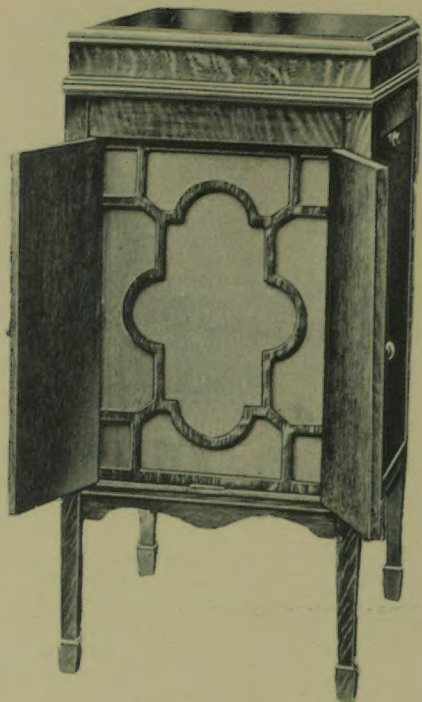
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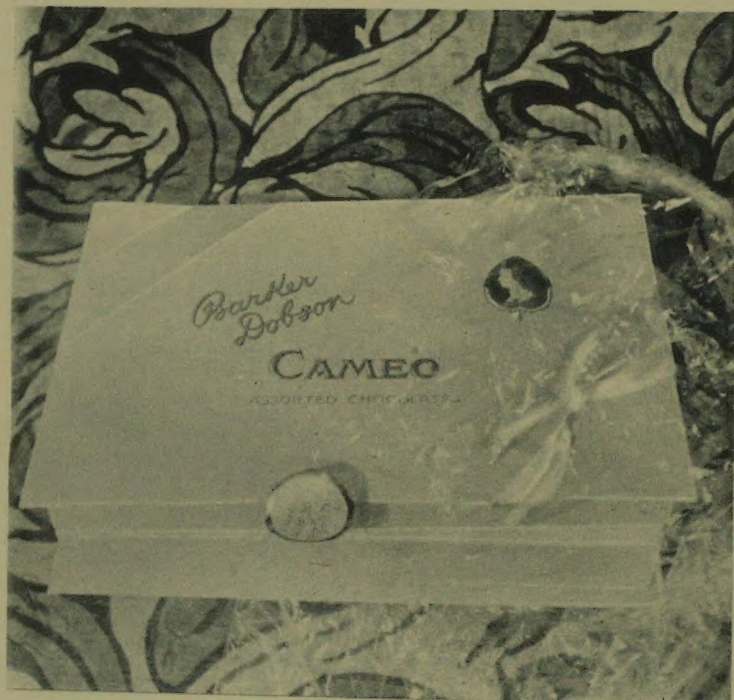
Cocktail slippers for Christmas parties are the latest vogue at Raynes, of 152, Regent Street, W., and New Bond Street. On the right is a pair in satin, embroidered with brightly coloured silks, and decorated with jade velvet.

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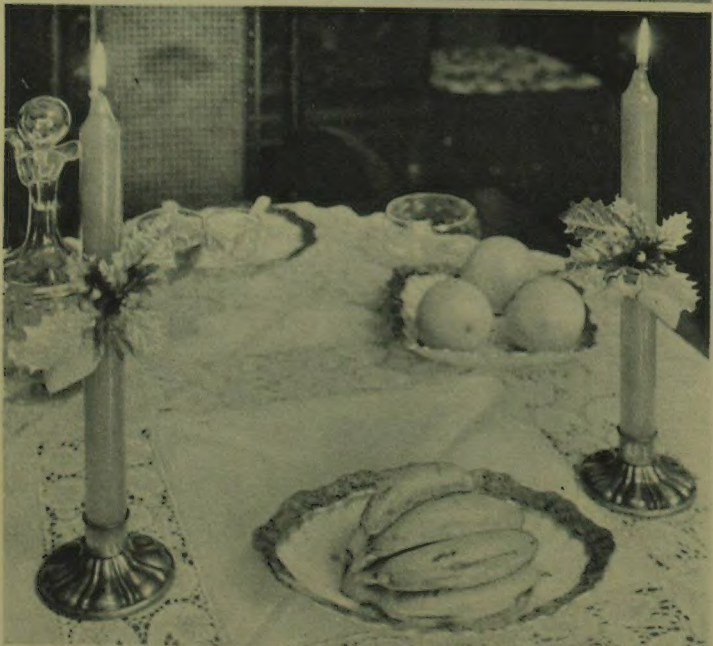


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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

CHRISTMAS AND THE CAR—SOME USEFUL HINTS.

THE ex-Home Secretary spoke the other day of his vision of five million cars on the roads of Great Britain in five years' time. His prophecy struck dismay into a good many people besides the Peer who expressed his gratitude at the prospect of his being dead before that fearful day dawned; but, taking the matter in a less grave light, the outlook must bring cheer to many others. Those who suffer the yearly agony of finding Christmas presents for their friends which shall, in the awful phrase, "be suitable," will welcome the prospect of every one of those friends owning a car. You might think that in five years' time there would be no sort of accessory which most manufacturers did not include in their specifications, but I believe that there will always be things to buy, even for the most extensively equipped cars. The accessory-maker is and always has been a most wily fellow. Take the current illustrated price-list of any first-class gadget-maker, and see if it is not true that, by the time you have read it through, you have found half-a-dozen ways of improving the comfort or efficiency of any car.

Price No Object.

And when I say *any* car, I mean exactly that. I have lately been testing some of the latest of the cheaper cars, as well as one or two of the most expensive; and, odd as it may seem, the maker of the cheaper car has, so far, always had rather better ideas about carriage-comfort than his far more exalted rival. To take one trifling but very significant example, I have not yet found a cheap saloon in which the driver cannot pull up the back window-blind for himself, by a handy string. I drove a 38-h.p. "straight-eight" of immense fame the other day, on which was mounted one of the most comfortable saloons I have ever travelled in. It seemed perfectly equipped in every point, down—or up—to the neatest direction-signalling device I ever saw. Yet, when darkness came upon us and the headlights of pursuing cars made me uncomfortable, the demonstrator had to climb into the back seat and pull the blind down, as if it were in a railway-carriage forty years ago.

The Most Useful of all Presents.

Let us take the poorer cars first, in which are included, of course, the old ones, worth very little to-day (either bought second-hand or grown old in honourable service), as well as the sparkling, cellulosed,

chromium-plated wonders in the £250 limit class. As it will almost certainly be disgustingly cold by the time this is printed, the first thing that occurs to one is a means of controlling engine-temperature. Big and expensive cars have nowadays radiator-shutters controlled automatically by thermostats, but the cheaper cars are usually innocent of these necessities. The just charge of under-cooling engines can no longer be brought against the majority of makers, but, to balance things, there are very few small cars which are not very much over-cooled in winter.

A particularly useful present for any cheap car is a thermostat, which can be bought for 25s., and fitted in an hour; a dash-board thermometer, showing the water-heat at the point where it leaves the engine, costing about the same, and a muff. The last is only to be used in frosty weather, when there is a real danger of the bottom of the radiator freezing when the thermostat is slowing down the flow. As a matter of fact, a strip of thick felt, a foot high, wired across the bottom of the radiator, will do just as well. This combination will produce surprising results for anyone who has never studied the effect of heat upon performance and fuel consumption. The thermostat can be set so that the engine warms up very quickly after being started, and then re-set so that, running normally, the water-temperature is maintained at exactly the correct figure. The difference this makes to the car's performance and thirst is really remarkable. Apart from its utility, this Christmas-present is very attractive in that it gives you something interesting to watch.

Hydraulic Jacks.

After the cooling-controllers there occur to me two presents which, in my experience, are as welcome in the £1000 car as in the £200 one. The first is a decent jack, of the hydraulic type. For some inscrutable reason, the jacks provided in the average tool-kits of nearly all cars are extraordinarily bad. They not only provide the minimum lift for the maximum effort, but, as often as not, they are too high to pass under the axle when a tyre is flat, or they cannot be worked up high enough to enable you to get the spare wheel on without deflating it first. How we put up with this sort of insult in 1930 I cannot imagine, but we do. You can buy an excellent hydraulic jack, with a long lift, for less than £2. My own, now unluckily "out of print," cost only 27s. 6d., and has lasted me nearly three years.

Glare-Shields.

The other specially suitable present is a screen of coloured glass to be attached to the top of the windscreen, hinging outwards. This is not so much an anti-dazzle shield for use at night—although some of them are certainly helpful in this direction—as a glare-shield to rest one's eyes when driving westwards in the afternoon. This is to be found on quite moderate-priced cars as a standard fitting, but I have not yet found it on any car costing more than £400. Why? It cannot cost the maker very much, and its value is unquestionable. Cigar-lighters do not, I must confess, attract me very much. They are quite superfluous in saloons, where the common match of commerce does the work much more quickly and without using current, while in open cars a shielded pocket-lighter, costing about 2s. 6d., serves equally well. Properly made torches and lamps, on the other hand, are invaluable in touring cars. You can get excellent torches of the searchlight type, with a focussing device, which make admirable spotlights as well as inspection lamps, for as little as 7s. 6d., and there is a wonderful array of torches of the lantern order, with an "open" light, which make all the difference to your comfort in a hooded car without fixed interior illumination.

The Two "Stars."

Lastly, out of a score of delightful things designed to add enormously to the pleasure of owning and driving a car, there are the two "stars"—a revolution-counter and an aneroid. With a first-class revolution-counter you *know* how fast your car is going, within a very narrow margin (due to wheel-slip, chiefly), and you can turn a deaf ear to those who cast aspersions on the accuracy of your speed-indicator. You can check the engine's acceleration before and after overhaul, and you can *always* be certain whether it is going better or worse than it seems to be doing. It is an invaluable gadget. The aneroid is for the mountaineer, which is to say, the really keen cruiser. It is in a class by itself, indispensable. It is also in a class by itself in being invariably dead accurate. It is more accurate than a clock. It is the gadget which is never wrong. If you like gadgets because they work properly, you will never be without an aneroid. There may be five million cars about in five years' time, but there will also be ten million gadgets at least to buy for them at Christmas time.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

MARINE CARAVANNING.—LXII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

MOST persons agree, who have any experience of the water, that one of its greatest attractions from the holiday point of view is its tranquillity. It is this that prompts many to forsake the roads for a life afloat during the warm weather. The search for peacefulness and some place that is free from the many noises of civilisation becomes keener every summer. To be really peaceful, however, when afloat, necessitates a quiet-running and care-free vessel. Great improvements have been made recently in all types of small motor pleasure craft, but, compared with the motor-car, they still lag behind in many respects, especially as regards fittings. The ignorance of their own wants on the part of owners is chiefly responsible.

Boat designers and builders in this country very rightly concentrate on the production of sound hulls and their essential fittings, but it is now time that they should study more deeply the many small refinements that aid comfort, and thus attract newcomers to yachting. There are, fortunately, no precedents to clog the wheels of new ideas in motor-boats as there are with sailing-craft, so the field is clear for any builder of imagination.

The most pressing need at the moment is to produce craft that are more silent internally. The great and successful efforts made by the engine-makers to produce silent units are of small avail if the hull-builders fail to study scientifically their side of the question. Many small builders fail in this respect. The hull-builder's problem is not an easy one, but is well worth deep thought. Proof that it has not yet been solved lies in an experiment that has been carried

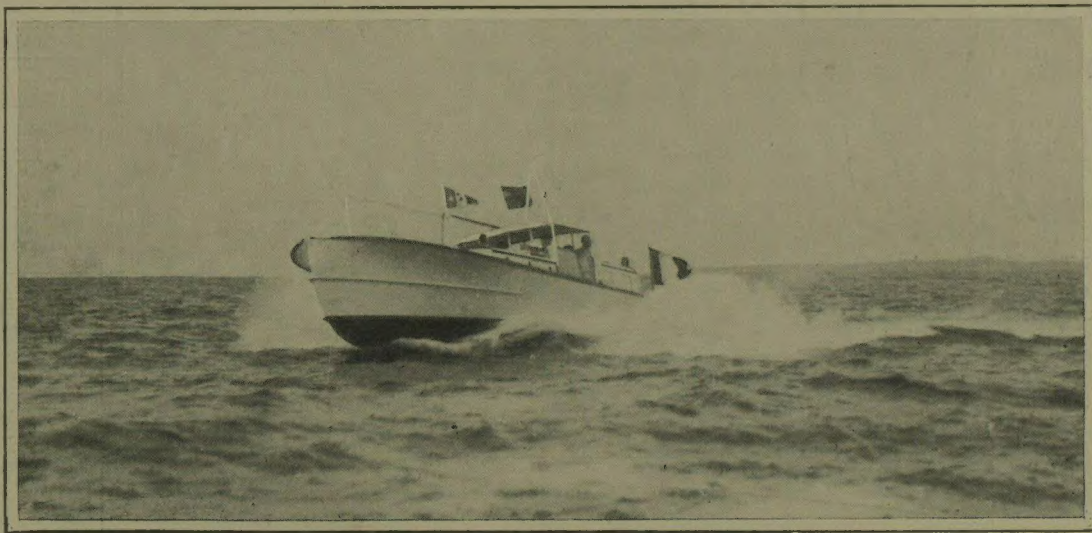
out recently. A well-known high-class car engine, noted for its silence, was removed from its chassis, in which it was almost inaudible, and fitted into a boat. Every effort was made to install it in the most approved manner, yet in its new surroundings it was decidedly noisy.

There are many possible causes to account for this, such as the "sound-box" effects of a boat's engine-room, or improperly designed engine-bearers, etc. Many builders insert rubber buffers between the

The best cure is prevention by means of perfect shaft alignment and lubrication. There is no excuse to-day for lack of lubrication in any part of a boat, for C.A.V., Ltd., have placed on the market a "one-shot" outfit for boats, at a cost within the means of practically everyone. It can be fitted to any boat, but owners are advised to consult the makers before they install it, because every boat presents a separate problem. It is a simple contrivance, consisting of a pump worked either by hand or foot, and the price varies according to the number of points to be lubricated. It is pleasing to see that C.A.V., Ltd., have started to produce fittings that are specially designed for marine use, for amongst their particular specialities there has not been a wide choice.

Even assuming that both engine and transmission are perfectly installed, the unfortunate hull-builder's troubles are by no means over. There remain doors, deck-house windows, and wind-screens as possible noise-offenders. He can and will silence all of them if requested in the right way by someone who does not expect him to do it in a cheap boat for nothing. Silence is an important aid to comfort, but many other things contribute to it. A shelf, locker, boot-rack, or clothes-hook, to name only a few

things, have before now been the deciding factors that have governed a purchase and attracted a newcomer to the pastime. In other words, the modern boat must be made to appear "lived in" if it is to attract the modern buyer. For the soundness of the hull or the reliability of the engine, the name of the builder should be sufficient guarantee, as with cars. This throws a further onus on the hull-builders, for those who supply a bad boat to a novice do a disservice to the pastime, for it may choke off both the buyer and his friends.



A FAST FRENCH BOAT: A 41-FT. CRUISER BY DESPUJOLS.

This photograph shows a French 41-ft. express cruiser built by Despujols, and engined either with two 106-h.p. Chryslers or two 200-h.p. Scripps engines. These vessels are sold in this country by Land, Air and Water Services, Ltd., 126, Long Acre, W.C.2. They attain speeds of 30 to 35 m.p.h. (26 to 30 knots), and are designed to meet the needs of Rolls-Royce and Bentley owners who are fond of the water.

engine and its bearers; this improves matters, but does not completely stop the noise, for there still remains the uninsulated connection at the stern gland between the shaft and hull. That the propeller is responsible for much of the noise that is heard in the boat (which is transmitted up the shaft) is proved by the greater silence obtained by the use of spiral propellers. Some sort of noise-insulating coupling, therefore, appears desirable. Worn propeller bracket-bearings are, of course, a common cause of noise and vibration.

GOLD, AMERICA, AND EUROPE.

(Continued from Page 1108.)

with a simultaneous effort of the American industrialists to augment the Customs duties. One of those periodical increases is under discussion at the present time; if the industrialists do not obtain all that they demand, they will, at all events, gain a certain part. Let us suppose for a moment that American Protection were a precise machine and that the raising of the Customs duties in America corresponded exactly to the lowering of prices in Europe; what would happen in Europe? Her deficit would then become incurable; not being able to pay it in merchandise, she would have to pay it annually in gold, thus reducing every year her gold reserves and, consequently, the number of notes which serve as exchanges—that is to say, if we do not wish to fall back into the post-war troubles of inflation. But the rarefaction of gold and coins will produce an artificial lowering of all prices, which must then continue from year to year, ruining industry, agriculture, and commerce, without allowing Europe to free herself from her creditors by means of her merchandise. Europe would gradually be strangled by her deficit.

Such, in theory, would be the action of American Protectionism upon Europe if American Protectionism were a machine of precision. Fortunately, the effect which it has in truth upon the Old World is gentler. But the disturbance is none the less very real, and the poorer European countries are already beginning to suffer from it. The golden age of humanity seems to be approaching its end; the production of gold throughout the whole world tends to diminish, which makes the position of debtors, whether individual or collective, more difficult. In these circumstances, the draining of gold towards the United States, which is necessary to pay the debts, is already beginning to become a cause of difficulty for a part of Europe; it diminishes still further the stock of money which is, from general causes, already insufficient. Every time one of these poorer countries sends a little of its gold to America, it must diminish its internal circulation of banknotes; from whence arises restriction of credit, lowering of prices, multiplication of failures, industrial and agricultural crises.

The disturbance is not general; but in the business world, even in the richest countries, they are beginning to cry aloud. In the *Mining Review* of Oct. 27 there is a long letter from Mr. John Stewart which is significant from many points of view. Without taking into account the diminution of the gold output, Mr. Stewart attributes to the enormous debts to America all the monetary difficulties from which Europe is suffering; and he draws the conclusion that, if America does not concede to Europe a moratorium of ten years, a financial catastrophe will be inevitable. Let us hope that that prophecy is exaggerated. It is, however, obvious that the regulation of the European debts

to the United States, according to the figure at which they have been established during the last years, demands a reduction in American Protectionism, which will allow Europe to liquidate its debts, partly in merchandise fabricated in the Old World. Without that reduction Europe will end by finding herself in very serious difficulties.

The danger must be notified, so that we may be prepared to find the remedy. Economic questions between nations are much simpler and easier than questions of prestige, because, in the modern world, it is not to the interest of any State to ruin any other. With a little good sense, moderation, and patience, the world will be able to get out of this entanglement of debtors and creditors in which, for the moment, it is somewhat imprisoned. But all these difficulties have a more general significance, which must also be taken into account. Formerly, wars caused considerable quantities of precious metals—gold and silver—to pass into the power of the conquerors. War was a means for the victorious States to assure to themselves what we call to-day financial supremacy: that is to say, it placed a large amount of money at their disposal. The Roman conquest not only took possession of the treasure of the Governments which Rome replaced; it converted into coin all the gold and silver deposited in the temples of all the religions in the basin of the Mediterranean. The wars of the Revolution and of the Empire concentrated in France a considerable quantity of the gold and precious stones which they found in the different countries of Continental Europe. It is to that concentration that France owed her financial superiority over the other countries of the Continent, of which she knew how to make such clever use in the first half of the nineteenth century.

War continues to move the stocks of gold from one place to another, but it no longer transfers them from the conquered to the victorious nation, but from the belligerents to the neutrals. The United States have been able to double their stock of gold in four years, because they remained neutral during the first three years of the World War. War now only enriches those who do not take part in it, as M. Romier has said. This is a new fact in History, one of those great novelties, perceived little by little by men, which mark the great evolutions of civilisation.

For fifty years now, a formidable technical and social transformation has changed the character of this terrible game of war; the risks are enormously increased and the chances diminished. The spirit of the world has hardly yet begun to realise this change; but, from the moment that it has a clearer vision of it, great alterations will become inevitable. Man will not change his nature, but he will be forced to adapt his ideas, sentiments, and institutions to new conditions, which he will have gradually created himself without being aware of the fact.

THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

(Continued from Page 1188.)

sound, enriched it with the vision of an artist, and made of it a warm and glowing thing which catches our sympathy as well as our smiles. There is nothing quite so good as this in the rest of the picture. Life, even life with its sunny side up, soon turns into the usual fairy-tale of a little slum Cinderella and her brief hour of glory with a somewhat fickle Prince, who, however, finally decides that his true love dwells in an East End alley. Fortunately for us, the fairy-tale still contains the charm of Janet Gaynor, and Janet Gaynor is not only an appealing, wistful, elfin creature, but an extraordinarily clever little actress into the bargain. She jumped into fame overnight, you will remember, in a picture called "Seventh Heaven." In that she definitely established her "line"—the "line" indicated by her personality. It can be summed up in the word "tenderness." Her host of admirers are caught by it and held by it, and ask of her no more than to be tenderly gay, tenderly loving, or tenderly pathetic. Her detractors—naturally, there are some—evidently cannot see beyond the veil of tenderness. To me she is a study. She has a sense of the screen that is never at fault; and, whilst she seems utterly unconscious of the camera, her poses and gestures are a joy to the eye. Since she has had to please the ear as well, she has obviously tackled that proposition with determination. Compare her voice in "Sunny Side Up" with the talking sequences of "Lucky Star," and you will be amazed at the improvement. Moreover, she has discovered a singing-voice, slightly husky, to be sure, but true and sweet and infinitely more pleasant to listen to than the stridencies of several vaudeville "star" turns. The delivery of her songs seems artless enough—on the surface. But every word, every note, every glance of her eye, is well considered, and has its aim. She has one little song, "I'm a Dreamer," repeated in varying moods—one gay and careless, the other disillusioned and heartsick. Without falling into any extremes, either of lightheartedness or of sentimentality, she makes both those moods ring so absolutely true that the lilting ditty becomes a self-expression rather than a song. This little person, with her irregular features and her starry eyes, is a great artist in her way.

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